

The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

"Dew Upon a Thought"

By EDITH HELEN BROWNE

A Conspiracy of Three

By ENID DINNIS

The Catholic College

By CHARLES N. LISCHKA

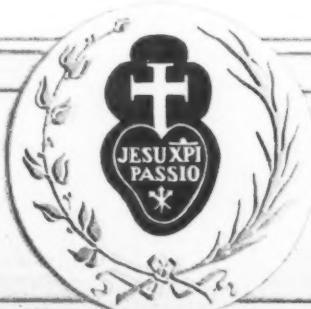
The Passionists in China

LETTERS FROM OUR MISSIONARIES

Vol. 9, No. 4

November, 1929

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The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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Unclaimed Souls

HSHORT distance from where I am writing is the largest morgue in the world. It's the most gruesome building in New York. In it can be seen the coffined bodies of suicides, derelicts and unidentified men, women and children. Every coffin has a label describing the corpse within—the age, the color, the place where the body was found, the manner of death. Of some of these bodies a great deal is known; of others, only meagre details; of others, nothing. On the coffins of these last the labels carry only one word—UNCLAIMED.

In the majority of cases the reason why these bodies are not claimed is because the good friends and loving relatives of the deceased are not aware of where the body lies. Did they but know, how quickly they would claim their own. Think of a mother among the "unclaimed." With what heartbroken anxiety would not her children hasten to identify and care for the body. Think of a wayward boy or girl among the "unclaimed." No matter what his or her follies, sins and ingratitude had been, parents, brothers and sisters would forget all to give decent burial to the poor unfortunate.

IHAVE often thought that Purgatory may be likened to the New York morgue. In the cleansing flames of that place of purification there are souls who are named and identified. Day in and day out, in private prayer and before God's altar, they are remembered and commended to the Divine Mercy. A place of peace, of light, of refreshment, is earnestly besought for them. But in Purgatory there are undoubtedly "unclaimed" souls—souls who are never prayed for by name, who are dependent upon the charity of strangers for whatever relief they receive. Yet these unclaimed souls have friends and relatives but these never think of them, never pray for them, have simply abandoned them. But, while these souls are unclaimed, they still have claims: claims of friendship and blood, claims arising out of love, gratitude, reparation and service. In view of this what an added poignancy is given to the familiar words: "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you, my friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me!"

Probably nothing shows so clearly the beautifully human character of Mother Church as her setting aside November as the Month of the Holy Souls—a time for meditating on the doctrine of Purgatory and for assisting by our Masses, prayers, sacrifices and alms, the souls, especially those near and dear to us, who are being purified in preparation for their enjoyment of God. We have loved them in life; let us not forget them in death.

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

P. S. Please read "Christ in Purgatory" by Francis Shea, C.P. (pp. 226-28.)

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Volume Nine

November, 1929

Number Four

Current Fact and Comment

Revolt Against a Divided Church

ON-CATHOLICS the world over are realizing today as never before what has been called the "Scandal of a divided Christianity." "The revolt against the divided Church has begun," says Dr. S. Parkes Cadman. "Men will not always tolerate in her the cults of incompleteness and sectarian assertiveness. The time may not be ripe for her organic union. But it is over-ripe for her federalized action."

In many sections of our country non-Catholics are confronted with the growing waste of money by rival sects in trying to maintain competitive churches particularly in small towns which are over-churched. And every day fresh evidence is brought to us of efforts being made to unite different denominations. The principal motive behind these efforts is the need of diminishing material waste. In so far as there is a spiritual motive it is limited solely to the better performance of social service or the furtherance of local civic betterment or world peace. Such a thing as uniformity in moral standards or dogmatic teachings seems hardly to enter into the question of religious unity.

However, there is one organization working for the re-union of Christendom on a strictly dogmatic basis. It is the Confraternity of Unity, with headquarters in London. Its members are adherents of the Anglican and Episcopalian churches. How close these are to accepting the full measure of Catholic truth may be judged from the Confraternity's manifesto: "The faith of Peter and of Peter's See is the foundation which alone can bear the mighty super-structure of a re-united Christendom."

In its July *Bulletin* the Confraternity states:

The Confraternity proposes to drag the deeps of the Anglican Communion in order to bring to the surface and into one net all who long for and desire the return of our Communion to the Apostolic See. Then we propose to batter at the Anglican conscience until all are converted to the only

programme for unity that can bring together all the scattered sheep of Christ, namely, the Roman claims in all their majestic grandeur and divine assurance of security and permanence.

It taxes our intelligence to understand how any body of honest men professing so unlimited a belief in the claims of the Catholic Church can remain outside her fold for a moment. Their answer to our lack of comprehension is given in the manifesto:

Those Anglicans who . . . "believe that the See of Rome is the centre of unity for all Churches" should not secede to the Roman Church, but, remaining at their posts, should work for the re-union of the whole ecclesiastical body with the Holy See.

The Confraternity would at all times discourage individual secessions to Rome. . . . Were secessions, either to Rome or to the East, to become numerous, the Anglo-Catholic Movement would come to an end and this whole Communion be lost to Protestantism.

In other words, while members of the Confraternity recognize the See of Peter as the only center of Christian Unity and accept in the full the doctrines of the Catholic Church, they do not acknowledge the obligation incumbent upon the individual of entering the Church but are satisfied to remain where they are and work for corporate reunion.

We dislike to say anything that could in any way hurt the feelings of those who are so close to the Church and who, we are sure, are doing their best to leaven their Protestant friends and relatives with our Catholic Faith. But candor as well as charity compels us to remind them that each one of them is directly, personally and individually responsible to God for the light and grace He gives them. No matter how intensely they may be interested in bringing back all dissident Christians into the fold of Peter, their very first and most important duty is to their own souls.

No Longer in Religion

The Christian Advocate, as quoted by *The Literary Digest* for October 5th, is in favor of the Church in politics. What is meant by the Church is, of course, the Protestant churches. It is not easy to see why a word like Church survives in the nomenclature of Protestantism, unless we admit that arbitrary labeling is the privilege of grand confusion.

But whatever we may think about the propriety of the label, we recognize that the *Advocate* is safe in advocating for the contents a use that is accepted today as a commonplace: the Protestant Church is not about to enter politics, it has already taken the step; it is in politics. And, indeed, we don't see how it could be any other place just now.

It has abdicated its place in the lives of its adherents as a thing of moral suasion. For the sake of mere existence it is driven to shelter in political lobbies.

But the *Advocate* has a delightful optimism that must give it great pleasure in its flights through the realms of fancy. It would not have the Protestant Church give itself over exclusively to politics. "The Church ought to cultivate, of course, the personal character of its members."

True enough. Who are the members of what the *Advocate* calls the Church? Who are the non-members? There are millions and millions of persons in this wide land who call themselves Protestant but who never darken the door of any place of public worship, who know as much about prayer as they do about the theory of relativity, whose only Bible is the newspaper, and whose code of conduct is mere social expediency. Are they members? If they are, the field of personal cultivation is so urgent that to turn away from it for political activity is enough to make the angels weep.

If they are not members, why aren't they? What kind of missionary zeal is it that looks for mass production of faith and morals to the Halls of Congress, and regards with undisturbed conscience the mute accusation of empty churches and deserted Sunday Schools?

We have no quarrel with the Protestant churches for being in politics. They must be somewhere for the present. Their spokesmen, however, would be appreciated for clearer thinking if they said the churches were no longer in religion.

Vonier vs Parr

A COURT case that has attracted much attention in England is the libel suit of Rt. Rev. Anscar Vonier, Abbot of Buckfast, against Olive Katherine Parr, a novelist, who was accused of unlawfully and maliciously publishing a defamatory libel concerning the Abbot on February 4 and August 2, 1929. The case was tried by four magistrates, Mr. G. R. Roberts appearing for the Abbot. When the case was called Mr. Roberts addressed the magistrates and stated that Mr. Templeman had just been instructed to appear for the defendant. He added: "I think it may possibly result in a saving of time for this Court if you will adjourn for lunch now." The Court rose for forty-five minutes. During the interval Miss Parr, her lawyer, and Mr. Roberts were in conference. When the proceedings were resumed the Abbot

appeared for the first time. Addressing the Court, Mr. Roberts said:

I apply that the two summonses may be adjourned *sine die*.

If I might make a short statement and my friend Mr. Templeman will make a statement, it will be clear to the Bench the reason for the application. The Bench having seen the two letters which constitute the libel complained of will realize that the Abbot had no alternative but to bring these proceedings. He has shown, and I think the Bench would realize if they knew the actual facts, true Christian patience and Christian forbearance in holding his hand as long as he has. He is actuated by no feelings of vindictiveness against this lady, and he only brought these proceedings so that a stop might be put to this sort of communications. I understand that my friend Mr. Templeman, on behalf of defendant, is prepared unreservedly to withdraw the statements, to admit their falsity and apologize for them. That being so, the Abbot has no desire except to protect himself and his community, and it is not his wish to proceed with the matter. All I want to add is that the Abbot has been put to a great deal of expense in this matter. The defendant has realized that that burden should not fall upon the Abbot and she has agreed to indemnify him for the cost to which he has been put owing to these communications. I have a statement now which is signed by defendant which I ask permission to read to the Bench.

"I fully and freely admit that the statements contained in the letters complained of, which I at one time honestly believed to be true, are entirely untrue, and without any foundation. I sincerely apologize for writing the letters and for the pain I have therefore caused to the Abbot of Buckfast and his community. I undertake never to repeat the statements in future, either in writing or by word of mouth.

(Signed) OLIVE KATHERINE PARR."

The action of Abbot Vonier in bringing suit against Miss Parr is to be commended. Too often in the United States malicious maligners of individual Catholics and Catholic institutions are allowed to go unpunished because the maligned persons shrink from the publicity of Court proceedings. Something has lately been done by the Knights of Columbus against those who have been spreading the bogus K. C. oath. The only regrettable thing is that they did not take action against their defamers long ago.

One Curse of Leisure

ADVANCED thinkers sometimes dream of the day when mankind will have passed from the state of having to work for a living to the condition of affluent leisure. Before the transition is allowed to take place (there is no reason for immediate alarm), it must be determined whether the change would be an improvement.

We have much evidence today from the lives of those who possess affluence and leisure in great quantity that toil makes a very fine contribution to life even if it does nothing else than prevent leisure. Look, for example, at John Henry Ford. There is no gainsaying the good that his laboring years accomplished. They were employed in working out almost to a reality a dream to make every man a king by giving him a coach. Everyone that owns a car today, other than a Ford, is proof that even kingship can pall, and that regality, once tasted, urges towards something higher—or faster.

But if we would gage the true greatness of the labors of John Henry, we have to weigh well what little leisure

the planning and perfecting of the Ford left to him. The Ford, not yet solving the question of the Freedom of the Seas, has put liberty on wheels throughout the land. In itself, and by its example to its wheeled compatriots, it restored to the people the prerogatives, slightly altered however with gasoline and grease, of air, sunshine, and even exercise. But it did better. It kept its manufacturer busy. Sorry day for him when he got leisure: when money and free-time cranked him up and started him off, without any steering gear, in quest of a hobby! He careened and zig-zagged for a while round such harmless objects as antique shops, country fiddlers, and historic buildings; but in the end collided head-on with common sense: he became moral philosopher for the Anti-Saloon League.

Oh, incalculable boon of the little "Ford" that kept John Henry occupied! Oh, irreparable ruin of wealth and relaxation that left him open to the choice of a hobby!

We will be ever generous in applauding the labors of our great captains of industry. In fact we are apt to indulge in immoderate applause. And if anyone reproaches us for extravagant clapping, we will reply that it is not the labors in themselves that have stirred us but the barricade they have erected between great men and leisure.

Not a Question of Mechanics

WE HAVE had more than one invention or discovery that was to make the world better by making it smaller. If we turn to the addresses that marked the opening of steamship travel between country and country, or of international communication by submarine cable, we shall find them openly hinting that the bigness of the world had much to do with its badness. The more the enlarging factors of time and space were shorn of their power the closer would be the bond of friendship between the nations of the world. The logic was pleasant but false. To blame time and distance, that could not answer back, for the disparity of sentiment that sent nations to war, was a colorful escape from an ugly fact.

We have had steamships and cables long enough to make the world very small and therefore very friendly, if everything that had been said for them were true. But nevertheless we have to admit the handwriting of The Great War written in the blood and tears of the civilized world. Indeed, it might be said that the part of the world that was small enough to make some of the warring nations next door neighbors all their lives, furnished the chief bitterness of the conflict. Propriety did not make them friendly enough to keep them from jumping at each other's throats; if it did anything, it made the attack more certain.

We have air travel now and radio telephone. They, too, according to the prophets that look to mechanics for morality, are being hailed as the enemies of time, distance and depravity. We have yet to learn that the goodness of the world is a thing apart from the size of the world; and that peace between nations, as between individuals, is the fruit of the spirit not the product of steam, gasoline or electricity.

Pentecost 1930

FROM statements made in the following extract from an editorial in *The Christian Century*, we are puzzled as to what has been the education of the writer:

The movement is well under way in several American denominations for the observance next year of the nineteen hundredth anniversary of Pentecost. The idea is meeting with support from the Federal Council of Churches, the Y. M. C. A. and other agencies. There are signs that the possibilities of such a celebration are taking hold of the imagination of the churches and that it is destined to grow in power and appeal as the months pass by.

The conception is thoroughly sound and appropriate. Pentecost was the birthday of the Christian church. What more natural than that the anniversary of that great event should be recognized? And recognized in an especial manner when the anniversary rounds out an additional century? The fact that such a celebration has no precedent, that the church never before was sentimental about its birthday, is no reason against taking it up now. Indeed, the fact that the suggestion emerges now for the first time in the Christian centuries is itself significant. It is a tribute to the interest which the modern church takes in the reconstruction of its historic past, and particularly of the period of its beginnings. On the eighteen hundredth anniversary of Pentecost there was no such historical interest. Naturally, no one at that time thought of celebrating Pentecost.

The success of the celebration of the nineteen-hundredth anniversary of Pentecost is assured, now that the Federal Council of Churches and the Y. M. C. A. (God help us!) are behind it.

"Pentecost was the birthday of the Christian church." Note the first small *c* in church. Pentecost was, or rather *is*, as we Catholics say, the birthday of *the Church*, not of the church, much less of the churches.

"The fact that the church . . . never before was sentimental about its birthday is no good reason against taking it up now." From Apostolic days *the Church was* sentimental and more than sentimental about her birthday. Anyone at all acquainted with the calendar of the Christian year must see that Pentecost is and always has been a red-letter day—one of the greatest feast-days of the Church.

"It is a tribute to the interest which the modern church takes in the reconstruction of its historic past . . ." The historic past of the modern church has nothing to do with Pentecost. There is an evident lapse of only fifteen hundred years between Pentecost and the historic past of the modern church. But there is an unbroken chain of twenty centuries linking *the Church* with Pentecost. In fact, Pentecost is the beginning of her historic past as it is the inspiration and source of her uninterrupted existence.

"On the eighteen hundredth anniversary of Pentecost there was no such historical interest. Naturally, no one at that time thought of celebrating Pentecost." If the millions of Catholics who lived a century ago are no one then no one did think then of celebrating Pentecost. Now *some* one in the person of the Y. M. C. A. and other agencies is going to celebrate Pentecost! *Agencies. Splendid! Page an advertising concern.*

For the comfort of these agencies and others let us say that we are glad they are going to celebrate Pentecost. If the celebration begets but a little devotion to the Holy Spirit, it will do more to further Christian Unity than all the nonsense about Unity that is flooding the non-Catholic press.

Categorica: On Things in General and Quite Largely a Matter of Quotation

EDITED BY N. M. LAW

ENGLISH IDEAS OF BASEBALL

Readers of an English newspaper, according to the *Living Age*, have only themselves to blame if they fail to understand the ins and outs of baseball, for the New York correspondent of a leading paper has vouchsafed them a full explanation of the game. The following description of "inside baseball" contains several novel touches:

The opportunity for "inside baseball" comes when the batsman has struck the ball, but not hard enough for a home run. He has got only as far as the first or second base, and his object in life is to get to the third. He cannot run thence to the home base until the batsman standing there hits the ball; and if this batsman should achieve a home run, the runner (and there may be as many as three of him all at once on the bases) easily reaches the home base and scores. While he is at first, second, third base waiting his chance, the pitcher endeavors to trap him into running to the next base. A quick throw to the batsman, before the runner reaches him, will then perhaps result in another out. To lead the runner into this manouvre, the pitcher pretends to have forgotten all about him. He makes as if to throw to the catcher, while the basemen join the conspiracy by moving far from their posts. The runner, of course, knows perfectly well what they are up to, but he hopes he may enter the trap and come out unscathed—and sometimes he does so. All this psychological by-play is what the spectator finds it hard to follow, and is what makes the managerial direction of such importance. What the average inexpert spectator wants is home runs, brief moments of drama where everything is in plain sight. The great heroes of the game are the men who score the highest proportion of home runs to their number of times at bat, and there was a day, not so long ago, when every schoolboy knew the percentage which indicated the standing of the stars.

A MAN OF MANY PARTS

The *Cincinnati Times-Star* reports the orderly conduct of the recent convention of the American Bankers' Association until delegate Eugene P. Gum of Oklahoma City presented Dr. D. P. Richardson, of Union City, Oklahoma:

"Dr. Richardson," said Gum calmly, "is a member of the Board of Group One Bankers, president of the Bank of Union, president of the El Reno Bank, chief surgeon of the Rock Island Railroad for Oklahoma, local physician and mayor of Union, and he owns the drug store, cotton gin and hardware store. He is the postmaster, and owns 3,000 acres, which averaged thirty-seven bushels to the acre when the country averaged sixteen bushels."

"He is the man who ordered a bill of goods from a city firm and returned it as unsatisfactory. The city firm sent the bill to the local bank for collection, but it was returned. It wrote to the postmaster for information about the dissatisfied buyer and then wrote to the local attorney, who replied:

"I am the man who returned the unsatisfactory goods. I am the local banker you asked to collect the bill. I am the postmaster you asked for information. I am the local attorney and the mayor, and if I were not the local minister I would tell you to go to the devil."

BLOODY BRIDGE

Deadwood Dick, he of the six-shooter code, was a mild mannered man in comparison to some deadly-in-earnest bridge players of these peaceful times. The *World of New York* reports bloody week for this indoor sport. Let those "slow on the draw" beware.

The sad fate of John G. Bennett of Kansas City, whose wife shot him last week when he failed to make a four spade bid she based on his original one bid is by no means a unique tragedy in the annals of America's favorite family game.

Club women have their troubles too. Take the case of Mrs. Rosa Lee Henderson, a Detroit matron of some social standing who shot and killed her partner, Mrs. Mary Lee Bishop, because that unfortunate lady played the wrong card twice.

Occasionally mere irritation at a bad run of hands will lead up to the tragedy. Harry Meacham of Wilkesboro, N. C., became so infuriated at the sad hands his side received, he declared that the next person who dealt him a losing hand would be killed. He then dealt himself a hand without a face card. True to his word, he shot himself through the head.

Assault followed by divorce is the most frequent result of bridge errors among husbands and wives. For example, Hazel, wife of George Moore, a prosperous Chicago broker, failed to take out her husband who doubled in the first round. Infuriated by this negligence, Mr. Moore beat her up. A few months later she received her divorce, custody of their child and a \$10,000 property settlement.

Last December Mrs. Ruth Kelso Wood of Oak Park, Ill., was divorced from Gerald Wood, insurance man, because he was cruel to her at bridge. According to court testimony, he struck her when she doubled a four diamond bid and the opponents cleaned up ten tricks. On another occasion she trumped his original ace lead and he beat her up. After this they separated for a while, but finally decided to try matrimony again without bridge.

This resolution weakened, however. At the first bridge game after the reconciliation her husband doubled a one no trump bid and she neglected to take him out because she had a hand without a face card. Forthwith he beat her up; and the marriage was formally dissolved in the divorce court.

Bridge experts have been concerned for a long time about the acrimonious feeling fostered by the game of bridge. Milton C. Work, for example, has often deplored the strife caused by real or imagined bad playing on the part of partners. He urges husbands and wives to take up contract, which, he feels, can be played more peacefully, due to the difference in bidding.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 12.—To play or not to play cards has become a real question for the Kansas City husband. Several days ago a woman shot her husband fatally after an argument in a card game. Today Mrs. Edna Hodges, sixteen, was in a hospital because her husband refused to play cards. She took poison.

"HUMAN INTEREST" STORY

The Editor and Publisher is responsible for the following news item. What price by-line?

Cliff Fligg, who recently joined the *Panama American* with the request that he be given a by-line on any good

human interest story he turned in, was granted his request recently when he became the central character in what his editor considered a human-interest yarn. The story concerned Fligg's arrest on a charge of intoxication:

The headline read: "Mr. Cliff Fligg Is Arrested As He Searches For Old Homestead," and immediately beneath was the requested line—"By Cliff Fligg." Then followed Mr. Fligg's tale of his arrest and five dollar fine because he couldn't tell the police officers where he lived.

THE PRESIDENT APPLIES

This, we must admit, is "deep stuff." However, the idea is good! A. H. F. contributes it to the New York *Herald Tribune*.

The aged applicant for work had an air of authority about him in sharp contrast to his threadbare suit.

"What position did you hold last?" asked the personnel manager of the great corporation.

"My last position? Let me think . . . I was either chairman of the board or else general superintendent."

The personnel manager was frankly surprised.

"No, I am wrong," corrected the applicant, "I beg your pardon. I was president of a bank, a trust company, a real estate syndicate, something of that sort. I rarely have fallen as low as general superintendent."

The personnel manager, a brisk, confident young man, didn't know quite what to make of it. He was used to receiving applicants for employment, but here was something novel. Was the person before him an eccentric millionaire or a whimsical lunatic? Was he a case for the board of directors or the company cop in the corridor?

"Really, sir," sparred the personnel manager, flustered with uncertainty. "I—don't believe that at the moment we have anything that would suit."

"Not even a night watchman's job? Or a messenger's? It would be quite a come-down, sir. But I need work. There's not much doing in my line just now, sir."

The note of concern in the applicant's voice was too genuine, too serious, to be mistaken.

"Where did you work last?" asked the personnel manager, snapping back into one of the standard questions.

"I was a model for one of the commercial art photographers," said his caller. "You have seen me in advertisements, perhaps. I'm usually shown at a flat top desk, or looking from a wide window into a yard full of loading freight cars, with smoking chimneys in the background. One of my best bits is pounding the desk and saying: 'This pipe contract must be completed in three months and I'll accept no excuses.' I had one of the best white mustaches on the list of models—you may recall me in the advertisement beginning, 'I've had my eye on you, young man,' said the president—but I shaved it off this morning. I thought it might work against me in landing a job."

WHEN SHALL I TELL?

Nunnally Johnson, the roving reporter of *The Evening Post* (N. Y.), has little patience with the latest literary racket—a simple device for making money by writing bad novels filled with beds. He fairly boils over at the sight of a mother brooding in public over "What (or When) Shall I Tell My Daughter (or Son)." Hear Mr. Johnson:

The very suggestion of this idea invariably makes some magazine editor's eyes pop out, and they feel instinctively that they have hit on something big. They never turn these articles down, nor do the mothers ever stop writing them. Each new son, or daughter, reaching the age of curiosity throws his or her mother into this same fit of thoughtfulness, and with women writers a fit of thoughtfulness is practically synonymous with an article, and inasmuch as many women become in the course of time the mother of six, seven or

eight children, that's six, seven or eight articles, and where are we then?

That question, however, is purely academic. So far as most of us know, there are no statistics on what or how much our sons and daughters know, or who told them. The only real fact is that they seem to know, or very strongly suspect, a great many things at the age of eight or nine that you and I never were able to get until we were fully ten.

It is also a simpler article to write, for no matter what age one decides on—as some radical practitioners do actually mention anything so specific as an age—one can use another age the next time, as a matter of fact, it's better not to mention an age; that's getting too close to earth. The best way is just to pose the question in fourteen different paragraphs, quote what Dr. This says along the same lines, and what Dr. That says, relate a number of dull anecdotes proving the neighbors' children well up in the chips already, and demand once or twice: "Do we want our children to learn in the gutter?" There being no answer, go right ahead, deplored false modesty, come boldly forward with a suggestion of complete frankness, cite a table of statistics showing that of so many thousands of prisoners incarcerated in the Nebraska State Penitentiary, 95½ per cent. trace their unhappiness to an ignorance of the facts of life, and then say, "Mothers of America, is this to go on?" Then retire gracefully.

THE THEATRE MOUSE

Charles A. Wagner contributes these amusing lines to *Theatre Arts Monthly*:

At night, when all the feet have fled,
He pokes his small, dramatic head
Out of the wings, and struts as bold
As though a Craig or Meyerhold
Were sitting front to watch his bit,
Lauding its pantomime and wit.

The silent house of huddled chairs
In blank amazement sits and stares,
The midnight traffic of the street
Is music for his nimble feet;
No juvenile or leading man
Takes half the freedom this mouse can:
His only critic is a cat
Crouching where firmer critics sat.

THE PERFECT TRIBUTE

From the *Christian Century* we cull these verses on the Passion from the pen of Kenneth W. Porter:
No doubt He found the people's darkened jeers,
The rending scourge, the jagged pathway, hard;
But now at last after so many years
He has received exceeding great reward.

Unheeded would have been the hammer blows,
The crown of thorns crushed down with savage laughter,
Could He have known the Stock Exchange would close
In honor of his death, some centuries after.

NORWEGIAN WIT

What a wonderful bird the frog are!
When he stand, he fly, almost;
He ain't got no sense, hardly;
He ain't got no tail, hardly either;
When he sit, he sit on what he ain't got, almost.

PAINT-AND-POWDER PIETY

The London *Universe* prints a much-needed plea for beauty in our churches from the small monthly bulletin of Abbé Georges Pincon, curé of the ancient parish of Ste. Roy-de-Montgomery (Oise). The Abbé la-

ments the flaming billboards which strip the beauty from the valleys of the Auge and continues:

"What is true of the countryside and the home is still more true of the House of God. Alas, when one visits some of our dear old village churches, one is stupefied by what succeeding generations have collected in the shape of sham and fake, sometimes at enormous expense. In the place of honest wood there is imitation marble in pasteboard, with cheap gilding. Elsewhere there flourishes a multiplication of leaden utensils imitating bronze. Almost everywhere there swarms a host of statues, crudely daubed, offering themselves to the admiration of the faithful under the species of plaster....

"Any one who is generously tempted to offer a statue to his parish church should reflect for some time before giving way to the temptation, and should seek advice; for the eyes of the devout may be afflicted or wounded for years, for centuries even, by some vision inspired by a generous heart. The aesthetic sense of a Maurice Denis cannot be called in question. Listen, then to this Paladin of Art:

"I find it inadmissible (he writes) that we should reserve for the House of God, for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, a host of imitation accessories which no one would consider as a decoration for the home. Which of you would be willing to exhibit in your drawing-room some of the horrors to be found enthroned on our altars?"

When he evokes such pictures, tableaux and statues he lashes this commonplace, romantic, melodramatic art, which "gives to sacred personages an air of sleek stupidity . . . upturned eyes and a heart-shaped mouth . . . the interminable procession of St. Joans transformed into circus riders, of Little Flowers with rouge on their cheeks and pencilled eyes and lips. . . . The wearer of the cassock is not always logical when he thunders against women who paint, since very often this is the very type he chooses to represent sanctity.

"A statue should send us to our knees before a reflection of God, not call upon us to reverence a grimace of the Devil. It is urgently necessary to issue a warning to Catholics and to endeavor to turn them away from the 'repositories of sacred art' (*bazaars aux objets pieux*) which encumber towns like Paris, Lisieux and Lourdes.

"In order to check the manufacture of mass-produced goods of this sort it is necessary to increase, among the population of towns and countrysides, the number of fervent lovers of the beautiful. We in this parish want to make our own House of God more beautiful, to make it the true center of our daily life; and for this we count on those of our people who are without prejudices and false pretensions.

"Your pastor is not imposing his own tastes. He is submitting to the exigencies of Beauty."

Amen.

When we were very young, and being taught to pray, we were generally told to join our hands and close our eyes. And when you consider the sorts of things displayed in many of our churches, you can see a very good reason for these instructions. Many a picture or statue has probably been saved from rightful destruction simply because people in the near vicinity have had their eyes closed and their hands tied.

BEDTIME STORIES

In the By-Products column of the *New York Times* we espy these sleep producers. Try them on the children, grown or otherwise.

I. In the Nursery.

And just then, my dear, they heard something go hrrumphing and snumphing through the forest, and who should it be

but an enormous giant! He was a hundred thousand million times bigger than ordinary people and he reached all the way from the earth to the sky. And he spoke in such a loud voice that the loudest thunderclap you ever heard was but a teeny-weeny whisper compared to him. He could walk from here to Japan in about five seconds, which is at the rate of hundreds and thousands and millions of miles an hour. It took five million tailors about a hundred years to make just one suit of clothes for him, and for breakfast he consumed 145,000,000 packages of cereal and about a billion little pitchers of cream. He was so rich that it would take about a thousand years, I imagine, just to think of how much money he had. But he was the most kind-hearted giant imaginable and he greeted our little travelers with a tremendous shout of joy. So they knew their troubles were ended.

Child: Now tell me another.

II. In the Current Book Reviews.

Sir James Jeans Eddington Shapley Einstein Schrodinger Planck thinks of our stellar universe as having had a beginning tens of millions of billions of years ago. And at the period of that beginning all space was filled by a primeval nebula a thousand million times more tenuous than the gaseous substance on the fringes of the immense nebulae of outer space. And the thinness of the substance of these nebulae in comparison with water is expressed by a fraction with twenty-two figures in the denominator, that is to say, as 1 is to 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000. And a single breath from the lungs of a fly could fill a cathedral with air of this density.

Modern Science: Now tell me another.

WEALTH DOESN'T MEAN HAPPINESS

The insufficiency of material comforts for true happiness, and the longing for higher things are cleverly expressed by Theodosia Garrison in this poem from the *New York Herald Tribune*. The refusal of the winged messengers from another and higher sphere to enter into a rich man's house is evidence of that paradoxical law of the spiritual life, that soul happiness is attained only through detachment and self-renunciation.

A CERTAIN RICH MAN

The house I built for my life
Is not beautiful—it is magnificent;
One walks on velvet, sleeps on down
And drinks from golden goblets.
And at my table sit worthy gentlemen,
Sober merchants, affable men of affairs
And charming, open-handed sportsmen.
They like the house I built for my life;
It has, however, one drawback—
The doors are too low—
Too low to admit anyone with wings
No matter how high I make my doors
Nobody with wings can enter.
I have urged the winged to try,
To bend this way and that,
To fold their wings to left or right,
It is useless.

"You see!" the wearers say.
"Sorry, old man, but it can't be done."

They step lightly back
And unfurl the flashing glory of their wings,
Crimson and gold and blue that shine and flash in the sun.
I see them rise, from the curb of Main Street,
Up and up, higher and higher, till they are lost in the sun.
I go back to my table, to my estimable guests,
My merchants and sportsmen and affable men of affairs.
I am very lonely.

Memorials of Irish Faith

REMINISCENT OF THE PENAL DAYS

— CENTENARY OF CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION 1829-1929 —

CEDITOR'S NOTE: This year marks the one hundredth anniversary of Catholic Emancipation in Ireland. The occasion calls for rejoicing and thanksgiving on the part of Catholics throughout the world. The illustrations herewith presented are reproduced from *Catholic Emancipation Centenary Record* published in Dublin to commemorate the granting in 1829 of civil and religious liberty to Irish Catholics.

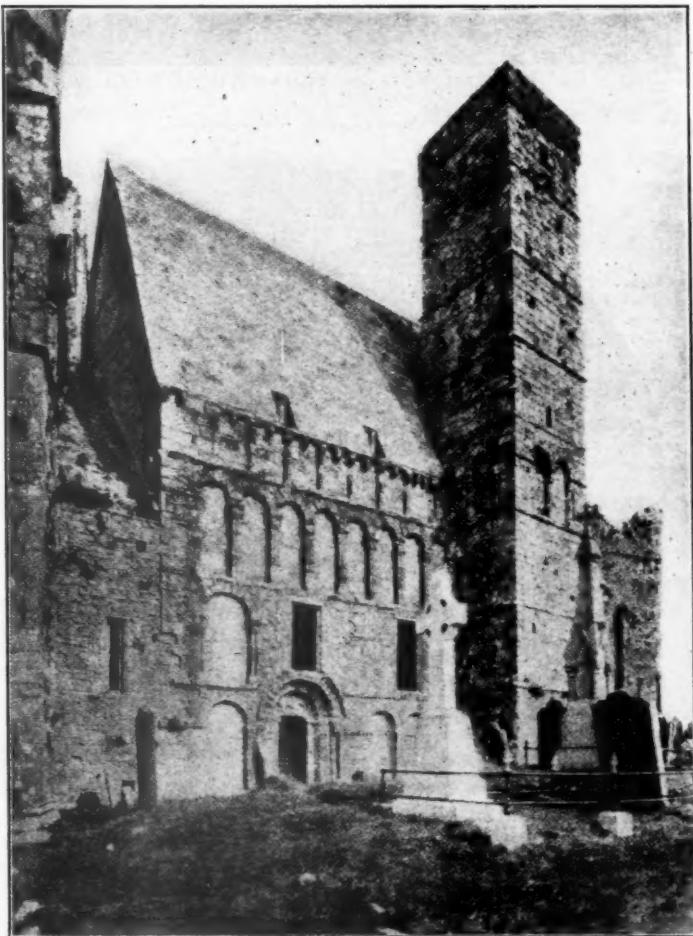
The Rev. Miles V. Ronan, Editor of the *Record* justly observes:

"The first feeling aroused by the celebration of Catholic Emancipation is that of Thanksgiving to the Good God Who has called Catholic Ireland out of the darkness and distress of nigh three hundred years.

"Ireland's heroic battle against mighty and fiendish enemies should obviously be the underlying idea in our celebration. For though we glory in the wondrous achievements of Ireland's spiritual sons and daughters in foreign countries, yet our victorious struggle for religious liberty in our own land must be our chief concern on the present occasion."

CORMAC'S
CHAPEL,
AT CASHEL

CORMAC'S CHAPEL is the crowning achievement of Irish Romanesque architecture. It was built by Cormac MacCarthaigh in the year 1134. The building is composed of two parts—nave and chancel—separated by a rounded chancel-arch. Mostly on the doorway and chancel-arch is freely used the architectural ornament so closely related to the ornament of the illuminated Manuscripts. The chapel was erected in the brilliant centuries of Irish ecclesiastical history.





THE GRAVE OF IRELAND'S APOSTLE IN DOWNPATRICK



LEFT. THE SHRINE OF ST. PATRICK'S BELL. A WONDERFUL EXAMPLE OF EARLY IRISH METAL WORK; ELEVENTH. RIGHT. THE SHRINE OF ST. PATRICK'S TOOTH. A SPECIMEN OF IRISH METAL WORK IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

MEMORIALS of the Penal era, as is to be expected are of insignificant material or artistic worth. Their association, however, makes them sacred. They are mainly small silver chalices (many of them made on the Continent), a few books and records, rudely carved crucifixes of wood, and plain rosaries of silver, amber or bone.



NOBLE CHALICES OF PENAL TIMES
De Burgo-O'MALLE CHALICE, dating
from 1474, and
O'QUEELY CHALICE, dating from 1640



THE
ARDAGH
CHALICE

Dug up at Rath of Reerastra, Co. Limerick in 1868. The most perfect surviving example of Irish church metal work. Attached to the sides of the bowl are two circles of raised decoration; from the center of each there springs an enamel within a silver setting. The vessel was not a sacrificial chalice, as indicated by the two handles, but a communion cup for the laity.

OUR LADY OF DUBLIN

A LIFE-SIZE statue of Madonna and Child, carved of Irish oak. At the eve of the "Reformation" it was the principal object of devotion in St. Mary's Abbey, Dublin. It is now preserved in the church of the Carmelites, Whitefriars Street, Dublin.



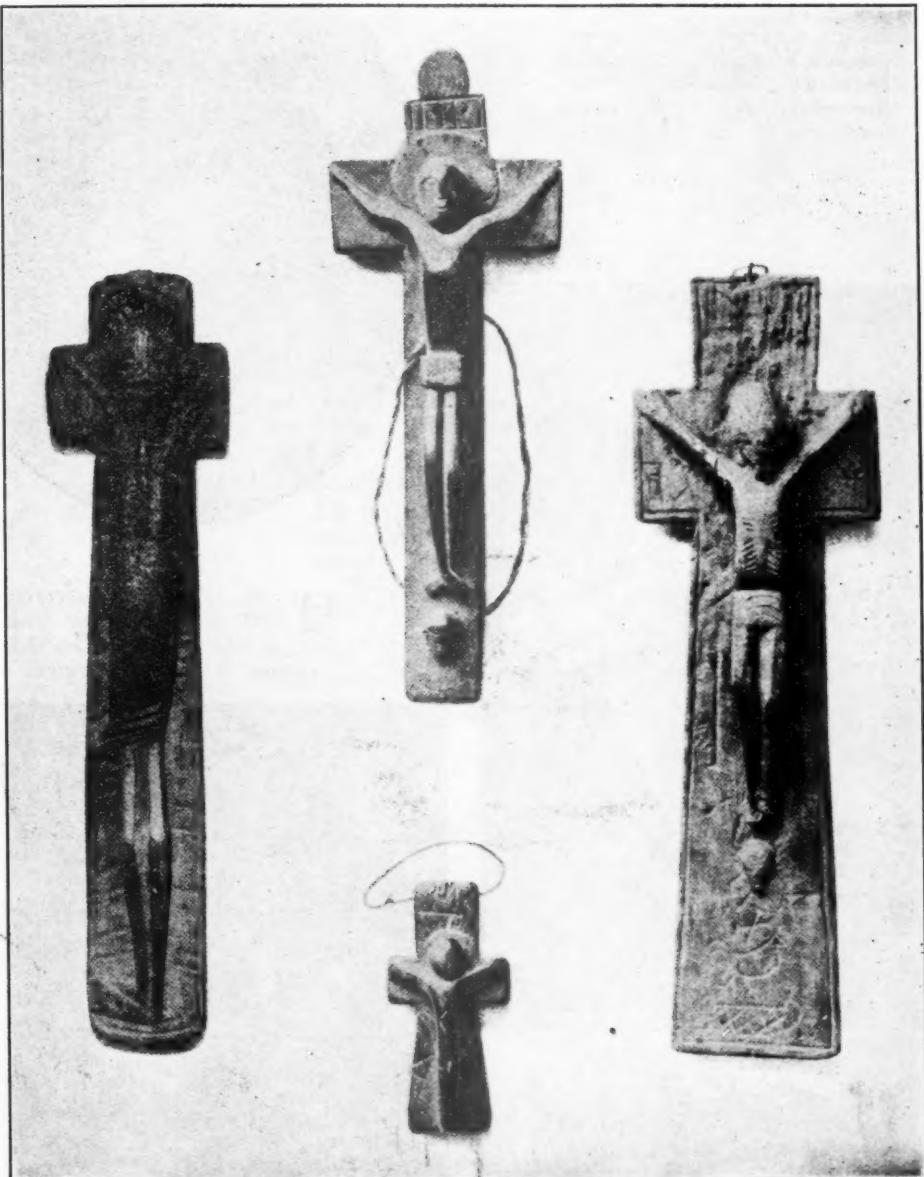
THE CROSS OF CONG

THIS cross, which has been justly styled the "World's most beautiful Processional Cross," was made about the year 1123, for Toirdelbach O'Conchubair, Ard-Ri Eireann, to enshrine a portion of the True Cross presented by the Pope.

THE MULTYFARNHAM CROSS

BELOW. The Multyfarnham Cross, a late fifteenth century processional cross is now in the possession of the Franciscan Community at Multyfarnham.

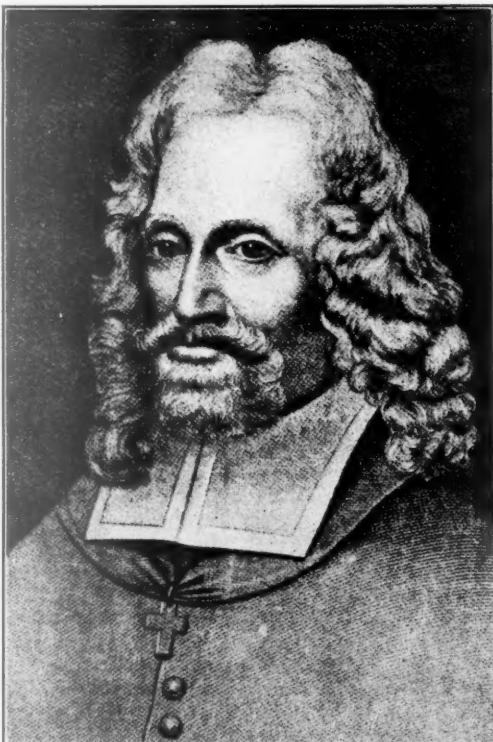




OLD IRISH CROSSES OF PENAL TIMES

FROM originals in the possession of Reverend B. Cunningham, C.C., Co. Donegal. Some of these crosses are still in use at country "Stations."

RIIGHT. DR. THOMAS BETAGH, 1738-1811. Member of the Society of Jesus up to its suppression in 1773. A zealous priest who maintained popular free schools in spite of the enforcement of the Penal laws.



BELOW. PATRICK SARSFIELD, Earl of Sucan, the Irish General who defended Limerick against William of Orange.



ABOVE. BLESSED OLIVER PLUNKETT, born at Loughcrew in 1629. Created Archbishop of Armagh in 1666. Charged with complicity in the Popish Plot of Titus Oates, he was prosecuted and martyred in London in 1681.



THE ORATORY OF GALLERUS

LOCATED near Dingle in County Kerry, it is one of the earliest Irish church buildings, dating from the beginning of the seventh century.



LEFT, ST. COLM CILLE'S HOUSE in Kells. A hermit's dwelling, with stone roof, generally believed to date from the ninth century. Right, ST. FLANNAN'S ORATORY, Killaloe. Another stone-roofed church, said to have been erected in the tenth century.



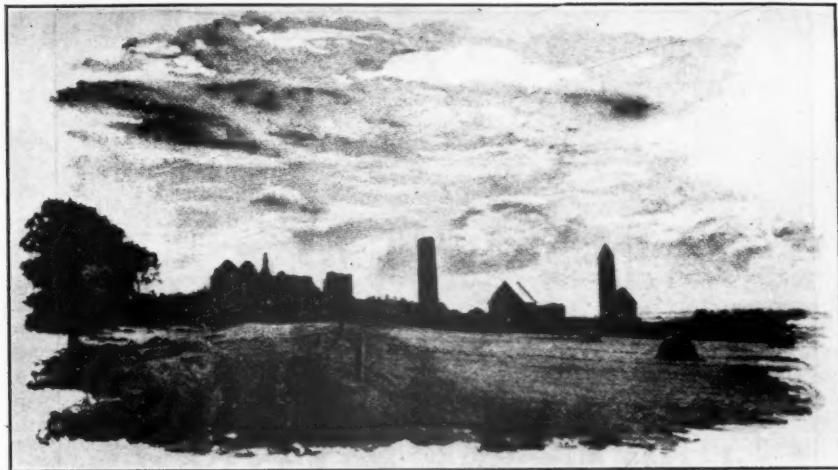
QUIN ABBEY, CO. CLARE

CHE LAST Gaelic and Latin Secondary School,
before the Cromwellian seizures, 1642-1648.
It had 800 students in 1644.



WEST FRONT OF CHRIST CHURCH, DUBLIN

CHIS unusual view, from a drawing by George Petrie, shows the ancient cathedral as it appeared before its reconstruction in 1878. Here was preserved *Bucall Iosa* (the staff of Jesus), St. Patrick's Crozier, until destroyed by the "Reformers."



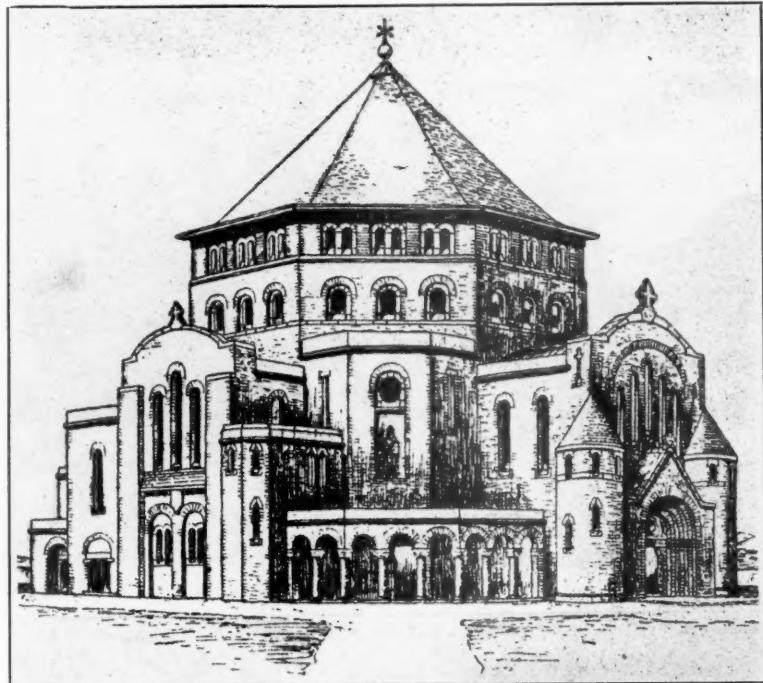
CLUAIN MAC NOI

 ST. CIARAN'S MONASTERY, located by the side
of the River Shannon, near Athlone.



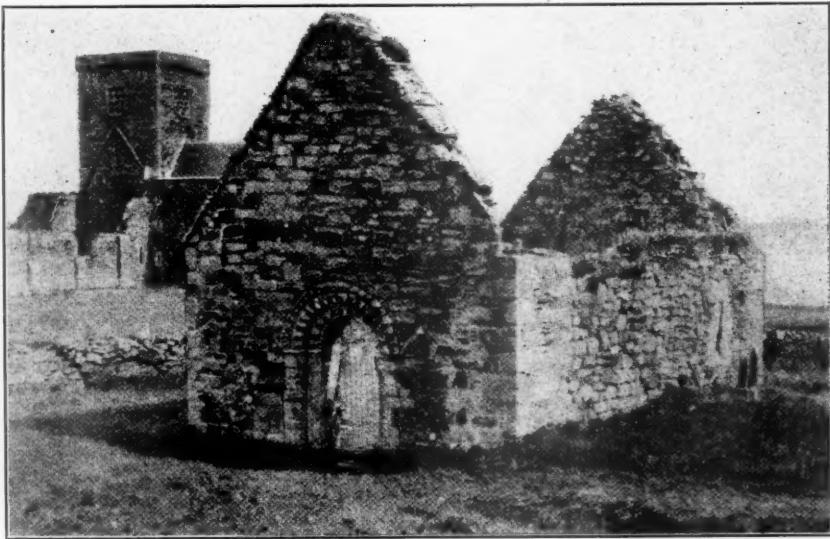
ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN

DRAWN by W. H. Bartlett about 1840. This view from Patrick Street shows the Cathedral before its restoration in 1865.



ST. PATRICK'S PURGATORY, LOCH DERG

THE NEW CHURCH on the pilgrim's island.
Architect, the late Professor W. A. Scott.



IONA

ST. COLM CILLE'S CATHEDRAL and St. ORAN'S
Church.

"Dew Upon a Thought"

*"But words are things; and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."*

—BYRON: *Don Juan*

HE SYMPHONY of words, the resonance that is thrown off as words hop from the tongue, vibrates ever so gently against a current discussion, science and religion. A study of words will not attempt to prove that true science is a satellite of true religion, or that the Church is the ally of science, or any other judgments sponsored by Catholic theologians; but it will show that words with the anointings of religion about them are more than receptacles of sound. Underneath their syllabic dress they wear the badge of identification with the spiritual.

"God." The one syllable forms a mighty arch under the tongue. By clinching it between the teeth it gives off vengeance, one of the Almighty's surest attributes. By letting it drop into a sigh it descends into Purgatory and trembles on the lip of the poor soul. With an upward accent it echoes the natural glories of the universe — gardens awakened by Spring, mountains kissing heaven, sunsets sinking to rest. "God" is a rooted word that holds fast to its sacred moorings though often tossed from defiling lips. "Deo gratias." Even its Latin shroud, "Deo," preserves a sound-picture of incense clouding an altar.

When the ceiling bends low and the walls come close, the house of worship is called a "chapel." Who could ever *shout* the word? It is made for whispering. The two syllables are as cosily united as two cherubs holding a holy water font. When a nun says she is going to "chapel" a feeling of snugness with the Lord, of nearness to God, comes from the word. It is the friendly word in the missioner's kit, that even sounds spiritual in the mouth of the growling tribal chief. It suggests God rather than trumpets Him. "Church" has wings. The first two letters and the last two sweep it off this earth, up into the bluer regions. If words could be said to take shape,

By EDITH HELEN BROWNE

"church" would be a Gothic arch, its wings meeting at the tips. There is solemnity in its wing that speaks of Eucharistic procession and pontifical High Mass. There is stout binding to "church," too, that shows that Peter stands under it.

The frescoes of Fra Angelico, the carvings of Ghiberti, pealing carillon, arches rising like stony lily stalks, organ music rolling in golden thunder — all this radiates from the word "cathedral." The knee genuflects on the middle syllable of this most completely spiritualized word. One cannot bite into "cathedral"; it is too wide and spread with association. It must be sucked of its full sound to give joy to the ear. It should never be inclosed within the cramped quarters of shorthand. Even in this clipped characterization, it retains elaborate outline.

HE words "altar," "cross," "candle," "pew," "organ," "choir," "hymn," "prayer," "incense," "vestment," "Bible," furnish God's House with spiritual sound as of angels, decorating. "Altar" sounds as if it might be turned into spun glass, so delicately chaste is it. It has a catch at the end of the breath that gives one time to bow the head before the Sanctus bell. An old man I know refers to his act of daily communion as "going to the altar." He evidently finds a deep spiritual echo from "altar." The tears of Calvary are crystalized into the gritty word, "cross." There is nothing palliative about this word, no soothing syllable to relieve its hardness,—the perfect emblem of persecuted Christianity. It is a word digging into the flesh and as a sound wave is jagged. But after the harshness of "cross" on the lips comes the warmth of "candle." "Taper" lacks the steadiness and warmth of "candle." "Candle" is thick with the accents of love—love

of a worshipper "burning a 'candle'" before a saint. It is a wavy word with its heaving syllables that suggest darkness instead of light, mysticism and the strangeness of God's ways rather than manifestation and His revealed glories.

"Pew" is a little puritan among words, creating the vision of strict daughters of New England sitting very still listening to a sermon by Cotton Mather. It is a signalling word that prepares the mind for things spiritual. Though only a monosyllable of soft letters it says "Hush!" It is an elegant sounding word, associated with red velvet collection baskets and a Cardinal's Mass in a cathedral rather than service at dawn in a chapel. Music—Alleluia music, Christmas music, Gregorian chant—throbs through that rich contralto word, "organ." It comes not from the lips nor from the tongue but from the lungs, like the powerful voice of religion issuing from the soul of all mankind. To bring the organ down to the materialistic level of accompanying moving pictures is a desecration—like using the Sanctus bell for a dinner gong. The word "organ" reaches to blessed belfries and stained glass windows; by no twist of the imagination can such a steeple-reaching word break up into particles to shimmer and shake on a moving picture screen. Carlyle calls music the "speech of angels"; the "organ," by its syllabic intonation, must be the voice of an Archangel. "Choir"—this word floats off the tongue. If it took shape it would be a beautiful banner pendant in mid-air. Perhaps this symbolism results from paintings of The Nativity where choirng angels hold a banner inscribed, "Gloria In Excelsis." "Choir" is no sooner pronounced than a group of boys in white castors with round, singing mouths rises before the mind. "Choir" does duty exclusively in the high service of the Lord. It is a word that is always spiritual sounding. "Hymn"

is a derivative, a sound that lies low. It does not rise like "choir" but stays down among the congregation mingling with the "Aves" that come from the lips of old women telling their beads. There is a closing of the lips over the word which preserves its holy meaning of prayer set to music. Some compositions have been styled national "hymns." This interpretation of "Hymn" shows how truly a part of the people it is, how by its sound and meaning, it is the one word uniting devotion en masse to God, and devotion to country.

Prayer is founded on confidence; so the word "prayer" is founded on an accent that strives and implores in its rhythm. "Prayer." It combines not only the lifting befitting address to the Lord but leans over supplicatingly on the first letters. The poet, Montgomery, visualizes the shape of prayer when he says it is

"The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast."

The enkindling force is confidence.

There is royal swish to the sound, "incense," reminiscent of the Three Kings from the East. There is a distinct odor to every habitation—the monk's cell breathes of white-washed walls, the peasant's kitchen of stewing meat, the philosopher's den of old leather and medicine. So "incense" is the odor of church, refreshing the Body of Christ, the King, in the Tabernacle. The first syllable rises rather like the ceremonious swing of the thurifer. With "vestment" comes the rustle of jewelled brocade. There is a clinging sound to the word, a clinging of rich drapery about the anointed body of God's minister. It is not as dignified a term as "canonical" but there is equal distribution of accent that gives a widely protective effect—God's protection of His priest while the chasuble hangs from his shoulders.

As "rock" is the perfect sound character for stability, so "Bible" is the consummate word-tone for Sacred Scripture. "Bible" is a thick, stodgy word, with a lumpy sound in both syllables, indicative of its meaning of ponderous reading. Besides the capital letter there is a touch of orthodoxy about the word that renders it sacred.

No word has more golden trimmings of sound than "Host." If words take hues as well as shapes surely "Host" is frosty white apart from our recognition of it as the

disk of communion. "Host" is such a fragile word! That the Lord of the Universe reposes in our Tabernacles in such frail casing of sound is but part of the mystery of the Banquet of the Altar. The Sacred Vessels are truly gifted with name-tones. "Ostensorium" is a word with a final imperial Latin ripple curling around the meaning of a revolving throne whereupon sits God. "Monstrance" is a royal-blooded word but without the curves of five syllables to carry it majestically along. "Ostensorium" sways with stately rhythm as it passes from the tongue. There is something sheltered, canopied, about the sound of the Latin-smooth word "ciborium," that gloves with the definition of "a covered cup." In "Ostensorium" the Lord stands forth resplendent in a frame of radiating gold; in "ciborium" He lives in no less splendor but in retirement. Peace also dwells in the word in the linking of harmonious syllables.

"The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice," says Lowell. Poets have not only found harmonious images in the likeness of certain flowers to a chalice—Goodale sings of laurel, Bryant of tulips—but have discovered the melody in the word, its delicate texture. "Chalice"! It curls on the lips like a petal. So much poetic tribute has made it a word almost sacred to Nature and so to

its prefiguration in Nature is a murmur from Nature's God. "Pyx" is a fairy messenger on a secret errand. There is nothing spiritually vocal about it but it conveys a sense of secrecy, hiddenness, that might be traced back to early centuries. Persecuted priests carried Our Lord in the Pyx to Christians in the Catacombs; the shadow of those days has pierced the word with an unusual sound impression.

SPACE prohibits more tuning of the vocabulary of hallowed words; yet there are a few so close in sound to meaning that we tarry. "Confession"—the alcove and the whispering penitent are embodied in the husky, muffled sound of "confession"; "Communion"—contact with Christ, the mystic closeness, is sunk into the mellow syllables; "Benediction"—the motion of a Great White Hand over the heads of a congregation—this is surely what the word not only meant but says in a tone that descends slowly, slowly; "Sanctus"—no other word but this pure Latin one could so adequately hail the Power within. "Chalice" with the ringing of the consecration bell. A word, the dew upon a thought, may not only glisten, not only shine, but may also vibrate in tones pronouncedly spiritual.

To One Who Denied Free-Will

By HUGH F. BLUNT, LL.D.

AND would you serve Him as the brute
That has no choice of good or ill?
A clock that sounds the hour, or mute
According to the winder's will?

Love loves but love; love loves not things;
God made but never loved the clay;
And love sings where love's echo sings;
God loves where love in love can pay.

God could have made our souls machines,
Compelled to grind out lifeless prayers;
But to the God of love love means
Response to Him from one who cares.

God can I love or God ignore,
Choose Hell below or Heaven above;
God is a tyrant, nothing more,
Unless He lets me choose to love.

Autobiography of an Embryo

SET FORTH IN FOUR CHAPTERS

By THEODORE MAYNARD

I WAS nearing ten when I left India, and at that age it is highly desirable to take a child away from the country. The climate is bad for robust physical development; the moral atmosphere is worse. So my father went on ahead to prepare a place for our reception, and my mother made the long journey with the four children. We were to be met in London.

The voyage could not have been much fun for my poor mother, but I enjoyed it immensely. At Colombo little lithe Cingalese boys came round the boat in their catamarans and sang Ta-rah-rah-boom-de-ay under the firm impression that it was the British national anthem, and were rewarded by small coins thrown into the water, for which they dexterously dived. All along the Suez canal *Fellah* boys ran along the bank calling for *Baksheesh*. And we glimpsed Arabia, Egypt, Naples, Marseilles, Gibraltar.

But the really thrilling thing was coming into Plymouth. I kept saying to myself, "How green everything is!" For though most of my last eighteen months in India had been spent upon the exceedingly beautiful Nilgheri Hills, I found only tropical luxuriance instead of tropical barrenness. There were eucalyptus trees and firs and tree-ferns and plantations of tea and coffee; and there were flower-gardens; but as we came into the harbor of Plymouth everything seemed to be lawn, tender green glimmering in the tender English sunlight.

I was standing by the rail watching the tug that was drawing up to take off such passengers as were going to disembark; and there, to my surprise, I saw my father. We had expected to find him in London, but we now had hurriedly to throw all our belongings in the cabin together and to go with him at a moment's notice. All the explanation we got was that he had taken a house for us at Exmouth.

The main purpose of this visit to England was to put me into a school. And how I hated it! I had to ex-

change the glorious freedom of India for the dreary smugness and restraint of a middle-class boarding-school. With patient resentment I submitted to the wearing of that almost absurd garment, an Eton suit, to the stiff etiquette of the meals, to the futility of class room work, and to the routine of games. It all seemed to me as horrible as the climate. I huddled whenever I could near the stove, and got broken chilblains as a result; yet I had to go out for long walks—hours of misery for me—on the bleak moors; and only to get back to more snobbery and drudgery. There seemed to be no relief in sight. The dull ache had to be patiently endured until—far off in the distant future, so far off that it was useless to think about it, the time would come for me to leave school.

There were, however, two great moments lighting the drab despair. One was of intense grief, the other of intense delight.

I had just got into bed. My chilblains were burning. My nose was running from a cold. And I had an intolerable earache. Just then one of the masters came in to say that Queen Victoria was dead. And at once I forgot all about my earache and my chilblains. The good queen was dead! I pulled the bed-clothes over my head to smother my sobs. It had been my wistful hope to see her one day, perhaps even to get the chance of doing something to show the ardent loyalty of my young heart. I used to gaze longingly into the window of a tobacconist's shop, because peeping out of a package of cigarettes there was a picture of the Royal Widow. It would have been regarded as more or less sinful at home for me to buy the cigarettes even for the purpose of securing the picture. But how I wished I could have had it!

It came to dawn on me later that poor old Queen Victoria was really an embodiment of the thing I most hated—middle-class British smugness. So I recall the passionate sorrow I felt upon hearing of her death

only with a smile. But the other great happening was that of a discovery. A door opened and I went into a room from which I shall never emerge. I found my way into the heart of England. Her rural loveliness was revealed to me.

The head-master of the school announced one day that my father had written to say that I was to spend the ten days of my Easter vacation at Chard Abbey. Who the owners of Chard Abbey were I do not recall—but they were some very wealthy and aristocratic family. The fact that I was going there raised me high in the estimation of all the little snobs at the school; and I was secretly elated—though I affected to take it all as a matter of course—because I had begun to absorb something of the detested color that was all around me. It resulted in an amusing setback.

At Chard station I was met by a smart dogcart. Beside the driver was a boy of about my own age, whom I took to be the son of my aristocratic host. He was a shy lad, so I extended myself in affability during the drive, treating the driver, on the other hand, with the distant reserve which was proper to his lowly station in life. But I must have been very *gauche* about it, for the coachman soon discovered my misapprehension. "Why, this is my boy," he said genially, "And you're to stay with us. Your father is a friend of mine." I was speechless with disgust; and then reddened with mortification when he laughed, "So you thought you were visiting Sir B—!" That was exactly what I had thought.

I SOON got over my snobbish chagrin, for I recognized that my host and hostess were good kindly people, even if they were decidedly not aristocratic. And I delighted in the countryside—so different from the moors 'round the school. It was spring, and the meadows were full of wild flowers and growing grass. Soft skies beamed upon me. I went from field to field over stiles through hedges twined with dog-roses; and the lark was overhead. Before and since I have seen many sights of

majestic beauty—the Ghauts in India, the Canadian and American Rockies, Niagara, the desert cliffs of California, the Alps—but though these have stirred my awe and wonder, I would give them all for one field in Dorset shining under an Easter heaven. My life has been a wandering one; and I am likely to spend the remainder of my days in America; but my heart can be happy only in the English country. My love for it made me a poet; the memory of it sweetens the whole of my mind.

IT IS this that roots me to England, though my lot is that of an exile. It is this that makes it impossible for me to become an American citizen, though my work quite clearly lies in this country. I get on better with Irishmen and Americans than I do with my own countrymen—for India spoiled (or saved) me forever from fully fitting in with English social life. Moreover I have often been hot with shame at the thought of the Boer war and of England's treatment of Ireland. And British imperialism fills me with a cold contempt. To an Englishman love of country is not abstract but concrete. The French love of the nation is something he only vaguely understands. He loves instead the things that have made the nation, but not because they have made the nation, but merely because they are what they are. The possibility of an invading foot being set upon that dear soil rends his soul with anguish. He is not a philosopher in his patriotism; and speculations concerning the nature of the state are foreign to his temperament. England to him is not the constitution, or even her history, glorious in spite of many follies and crimes. He does not regard his country intellectually but with passion, mystically.

What wonder if a poet now and then, Among the many movements of his mind,

Felt for thee as a lover or a child.

As I was so unhappy in my Devonshire school, another was sought for me, and found in Kent. It was charmingly situated in a hog-growing district, but one, too, with many orchards—quite unlike that of the moors. It is only fair, however, to say that I have since found beauty there as well, a beauty I had not been ripe enough to appreciate. And the tone of the school was less, much less, marked by the prim snobbery

that so distressed me in my first year in England. But I never became a typical English schoolboy, though as time went on I came more and more to like the place and my companions. I even developed an intense enthusiasm for cricket, which was not at all diminished by the fact that I never played very well. So my position among the boys soon became pleasant enough; they regarded me as being mildly eccentric, but accepted me. On my part it was a matter of finding their companionship amusing, while yet maintaining a certain attitude of detachment towards their ideas. In other words, there was on both sides an easy tolerance.

My vacations, however, were rather lonely. I spent most of these with my father's sisters in Tunbridge Wells, but by the end of the time I was always bored and glad to get back to school. My grandmother's boarding-house, which was what is called a very select establishment, was a good deal of a trial to a boy. I had to be painfully tidy and I had to be quiet. A large part of time, however, was spent in the taking of long walks. These were always taken alone except when my sister felt in the mood for going with me. Somehow or other I did not make any friends among the boys in the town, for without my being deliberately standoffish they did not interest me, except for a game of cricket on the Common.

My own company was sufficiently entertaining, or nearly so. My cast of mind had been always somewhat thoughtful. Within easy reach of the town there were many spots of mild prettiness. Accordingly it was agreeable to go rambling day after day in the fine summer weather, my lunch in my pocket, and a ruminative mood in my heart. Had there been one imaginative person at hand to stimulate me, it is likely enough that I should have taken to the writing of poems. But perhaps it was as well, after all, that I did not precociously develop. An observant and curious eye was gathering in a store of impressions which later on were very valuable to me.

The eye—it cannot choose but see;
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
Against or with our will.

Then there suddenly came an awakening. From my earliest years the necessity of "conversion" had been impressed upon my mind. Man-

kind was divided into two classes, the "saved" and the "unsaved," the sheep and the goats. And I was often asked if I were saved—or, as it was sometimes put, if I had "accepted the Lord as my savior," or "given my heart to God." These questions annoyed me intensely, and were an unwarrantable intrusion. Moreover, as they called for prevarication, or a clumsy evasion—for obviously I could not I decently answer "No"—they made my spiritual state worse than before. My mind was not often occupied with religious ideas; I quite accepted that sooner or later I should have to be converted; but the recurring badgering on the part of well-meaning people did not help me. When I came across, as I often did, a signature in a Birthday Book, such as this—John Jones, born April 3rd, 1867; born again July 29th, 1893—it always struck me in as being in very bad taste. This smugness was precisely what I most heartily loathed. If only people would leave me alone!

The school was under Baptist auspices, but there was no harrying of souls there. And, as two of my aunts were Baptists—the third and my grandmother attended the Brethren's meetings in the Town Hall—I generally accompanied them to the Baptist Tabernacle. This was partly because my father's son would attract less attention there; but also because I found the preaching of the pastor, Dr. Usher, exceedingly stimulating. He was not a great preacher by any means; but he was clear and cogent and forceful. His mind was somewhat dry and severely logical in its approach to all questions, but it was lit with a dour humor. And I came to enjoy his sermons.

DURING one of them I became "converted." Neither of my Baptist aunts was with me that evening. Had they been I am sure that the thing would not have happened. For I quite understood that it was absolutely incumbent upon anyone who experienced conversion to announce the fact, or, as it was put, to confess the Lord publicly. The idea of such a thing appalled me. I had seen people in the after-meeting—that is the short service after the regular longer one had ended—stand up or lift their hands when the minister called for those who wished to "accept Christ" to signify their decision by some sign. How anyone could

ever do it passed my comprehension.

I got around the difficulty ingeniously. I waited for the pastor, Dr. Usher, after the service was over, and let him know what had happened. I told him that during the week I was going back to school; and asked him to announce my conversion the following Sunday. That would be a graceful way of dodging the embarrassment. My aunts and their friends would thus get the news at second-hand; and my own blushes would be spared.

The boys at school had to be told, too; but that proved to be fairly easy. I contented myself with dropping a few hints to the more intimate of my companions. If they wanted to do so they could tell anybody they chose. Most of them took it in embarrassed silence; a few twitted me a little.

WHAT was much more awkward was that anyone who was converted had resting upon him the duty of "bringing other souls to Christ," and of "testifying to the Lord." Had I button-holed my friends, and asked them "Are you saved?" in the approved manner, they would very properly have kicked me in the pants. So I chose the device of saying that I would conduct a little service one Sunday evening in the Fourth Form class-room. The place was packed with youngsters curious to hear what I should say. They behaved decorously; but I was acutely conscious that they were having a hard time to keep from sniggering. With the utmost solemnity I modeled myself carefully upon Dr. Usher. We sang a couple of hymns; I prayed in a paroxysm of shyness, sweating to the soul, but forcing myself through the ghastly business, and I preached a little sermon. There was no need to say anything about my conversion; it was easier to urge conversion upon my paging audience. It had been my intention to carry the matter through to its bitter conclusion; and to ask for those who would "give their hearts to God" to stand up. But I funk'd that when it came to the point. There would be too much of an anti-climax if I got no response—which was certainly what would have happened. So I suggested instead that a note be written to me by any who were "saved" as a result of that meeting. I got one such note. In it one small boy very gravely informed me that

he had "accepted Christ." Little liar!

Anyway I had won my spurs as a Christian knight. I rested upon my reputation. There was no need to repeat the experiment, or turn it into a habit. Everyone knew my position now, and that was enough.

Two things should be said about this conversion. It made me rather priggish—and that after all my hatred of priggishness!—and heaven knows what would have happened to me if I had not mustered up just enough good sense and stopped at that point. It was tacitly understood that I should say no more on the subject. My conversion would be recognized as a *fait accompli*. Whatever the privileges of one who was "saved" might be were mine to enjoy without molestation. On the other hand I was not to make myself a nuisance. The compromise worked well.

The second thing was this: though the tacit understanding with my school-fellows was a damper on my fervor; though even with that brake on I became inoffensively smug; the conversion itself was a genuine thing in its way. That is, it was a true spiritual quickening. I realize now that it was a normal enough phenomenon of adolescence, but it was not any the worse for that. Such truths of religion as I had been taught, and had always accepted in a general and abstract fashion, now had a new, direct, personal importance. I tried to reform my life, and, without being extravagantly pious, I carried in me a certain spiritual glow. Years afterwards, when I had become a Catholic, because of it, I think my "Evangelical" relatives and friends doubted whether my conversion was genuine. But even judging by their own standards there was one final proof. A merely emotional glow would have faded away. This did not, because the intellect and will were concerned in it. My conversion to the Catholic Faith was a completion of that first experience. To say that I did not take full advantage of the grace given me then is perfectly true. And for that matter I have been very far from taking advantage of the much greater grace that has been at my disposal as a Catholic. But each time the grace of God was at work. And had I not been converted in that Baptist chapel I should no doubt have drifted away into complete religious indifference, as has happened to the ma-

jority of men brought up as I was.

It is all but impossible to make Catholics out of such people. They have grown cynical and disillusioned about spiritual things. Catholicism finds in their cases nothing to build on. So while I am contemptuous of the whipping up of the emotions as practised by so many revivalists—knowing as I do, and as they must, that nine out of the ten will lapse before the month is out, and the tenth as likely as not become a Pharisee—yet I recognize that in some form or other the crisis known as conversion is necessary among Christians who lack the slow, rich, sure accumulation of grace that comes through the reception of the sacraments.

But though converted, and a little later baptized by immersion by Dr. Usher, my relatives thought me in other respects highly unsatisfactory. My father was not rich enough to send me to the university, or to prepare me for one of the professions; and, for some reason or other, my aunts—and still more my grandmother—seemed to think it highly reprehensible that I had no idea what work I should take up when the time, now near at hand, came for me to leave school. They considered that I was lazy, and unambitious. My headmaster would have fully concurred in the opinion about my laziness; but judging from the fact that he used to quote Wolsey's speech at me—"Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition"—he must have thought that I had rather too much of that quality.

MY FAMILY, saw truly enough that I wast listless and without an aim. My hard-working grandmother was positively scandalized over it. So she tried to fire my imagination by giving me half a crown to buy a copy of Samuel Smiles' *Self Help*. As the second-hand bookshop did not have a copy of that work, I bought instead the same author's life of James Nasmyth, the inventor, in 1839, of the steam hammer.

After reading the book I had no wish left for following in the footsteps of Nasmyth. All that that worthy represented—an ugly industrialism, and a generation of hard-headed, hard-hearted sanctimonious ruffians—even then disgusted me. The subject of Smiles' biography was no doubt an able and industrious

man: but the type of achievement held enticingly out, the rising from being an office-boy to being a pompous and prosperous merchant, so far from interesting me made me turn away from it in horror.

Many years later I sat with a friend in the dining-room of the House of Commons. He held a minor position in Mr. Lloyd George's government, and afterwards became a cabinet minister under Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. We were joined by another member of parliament, and, when I was introduced, this gentleman, learning that I was a poet, seemed to be fascinated by coming across so strange an animal. I noticed that he kept looking at me, and I was becoming uncomfortable. Then he said, "You know a man with a jaw like yours should not be writing poetry." "Really?" I answered. "What do you think I should be?" "You ought to be in the East India trade"—it was in that branch of industry that he had made his own

large fortune—"or building factories."

Well, those factories will remain unbuilt. The whole factory system is a thing that I loathe. But in my case I have had more fun writing verses than that acquaintance probably has had in his own occupation. At all events I can be positive that—despite the strength of my jaw—I should not have been happy in the mere making of money, whereas I have found the work that I enjoy doing, and that it has proved to be as profitable (if that point must be considered) as one may reasonably expect.

Up to the time I left school, and for some years afterwards, I never did any writing of verse—except of a number of facetious squibs—and I certainly never had the slightest suspicion that I would eventually become a poet. The suggestion made by somebody that I should go in for teaching did not appeal to me, though it was the one profession for which

my father might have afforded the expense of my training. Had I become a teacher, I must inevitably have remained an undermaster in a school of the type that I attended. There would have been no prospect of rising very high, and the work would have been dreary drudgery. By the time that I took up teaching, which was fifteen years after this date, the fact that I had written several volumes of poetry, and two or three other books in prose, gave me the chance to obtain (without having been ground through the mill), the pleasantest kind of teaching—lecturing on English literature.

But my family may well be pardoned for having no inkling of what I did not foresee. They were disturbed about me. I was idling away my time, reading novels and poetry, or going for walks by myself. Samuel Smiles had failed to stir me up. And where that illustrious stimulator of young men had failed, who could succeed?



A Conspiracy of Three

QUESTION: WHO WERE THE THREE?

HERE were three involved in the conspiracy of which I propose to give an account, but who the three were I leave it to the reader to guess. He may, or may not, agree with Joe Hollins.

However, here is the story.

Joe Flynn was down in the dumps. He was temperamentally inclined that way, and doing one's work under the auspices of the pneumatic drill—Joe was a roadmender by calling—does not help to steady the nerves. It was something to have work in these days of unemployment, but Joe was not looking on the bright side of things and the fact that it was Christmas time only served to deepen his depression. He had been a lone man since the death of his wife and Bobby, their only child, many years ago now. Bobby would have been about fifteen had he lived, but being in the other world he remained four years old. Norah, his sister and only surviving relative, lived in Donegal, in a state of extreme poverty, being a widow. Her brother liked to send

By ENID DINNIS

her a little help from time to time, and especially at Christmas, but times had been hard and his only prospect of sending Mrs. Brophy something in the letter which he was writing lay in the chance of his winning a bit on the dogs. He had been induced to make a bet on a greyhound race and, with luck, ten shillings might come his way. It had not arrived so far but he would leave the letter open to the last minute and tell Norah that he hoped to be able to slip a note in.

Joe Flynn's depression increased as he wrote his letter. He felt himself over, so to speak, and found symptoms of impending dissolution. He went over to a drawer and took out his most treasured possession, a lock of Bobby's hair. He would like Norah to have it in case something happened to him and it fell into the hands of strangers. Despondency (and no doubt, the pneumatic drill) produced these moods in Mr. Flynn.

He ought to have been ashamed of himself, for it happened that his work on the road did not interfere with his daily Mass, and he should have started the day with a singing heart; but let us remember the pneumatic drill and forgive him his nerves. Roadmending has long ceased to be the ideal occupation for a contemplative!

The last moment having arrived and no goods news of the hound backed by Joe having come along, he sealed the envelope, and remembering that it contained the lock of Bobby's hair he added the letters, S. A. G., carefully inscribed on the flap, so that St. Anthony might see to its safe transit. As he was preparing to take it to the post, however, St. Anthony permitted Tom, the first floor's son, who was going to the post with a bundle of letters collected from the lodgers—mainly from the gentleman at the back who made letter-writing of a certain kind his profession—to come along and offer to take Joe's. The offer was accepted—it was a nasty, wet night;

and so the first episode in this remarkable story ended.

An amazingly ragged individual was passing the letter box into which Tom had just thrust his packet of missives. He caught sight of one which was lying on the pavement, near the box, face downward. The careless messenger had let it slip from his bundle; and it was the very one which had S. A. G. inscribed on it! The shabby individual noted the mystic symbol, and he stooped and picked up the letter. He happened to know that the letters S. A. G. were an indication used by simple-minded papists to show that there was something worth stealing in the letter. Nuns, for instance, generally resorted to this naïve method of insuring their valuables against loss.

Nuns were rolling in wealth. The shabby man told himself this as he fingered the letter. Their convent, around the corner, was as big as a palace. This letter doubtless contained an alms for the addressee, one Mrs. Brophy of Co. Donegal. If it failed to reach its destination the affluent nuns on hearing from Mrs. Brophy would send a second donation, so why should not he, the recipient of an occasional alms from the convent door, allocate this particular benefaction? It would not be robbing the poor box, seeing that the poor-box is meant for the poor.

Joe Hollins—it was a curious coincidence that he was also called Joe—had gained his intimate knowledge of the ways of nuns from an Irish mate of his whom he had met in the trenches during the war. S. A. G. meant: "St. Anthony, guard this letter." Who St. Anthony was he had no idea except that he was appealed to in the case of lost articles by these same childlike papists whose religion seemed to be of a homely sort.

JOE HOLLINS thrust the letter into his pocket, regardless of the insinuating presence of the letter-box. "Findings" is a motto which the proximity of a pillar box might tend to modify in the case of a stamped and directed letter, but, as has been shown, Joe Hollins was by way of being a casuist; and he actually had no soles to his boots. The obvious absence of any adequate undergarments behind his threadbare coat was also an extenuating circumstance. Joe was, in short, "down and out." He still possessed a lodging, but to-morrow he would have to

move on from the garret the rent for which was in arrear.

There was one consolation in his sorry case—a grim one. The wife and the kid had died before he became down and out. The kid had died before the terrible lean days. The wife, just about the time that he lost his job. There were no jobs to be got in these days.

Joe Hollins returned to his attic and sat himself down to examine the "finding." He tore open the envelope. It contained a tiny packet wrapped in soft paper, and a letter. He unfolded the paper, and a shining curl of soft golden hair fell into his hand. No luck. No luck at all!

He sat with his elbows on the table. The letter lay before him. It was written in a sprawling handwriting, and was signed, "your loving brother, Joe." There was no address at the top except the name of the district.

He started at the sight of his own name.

It seemed to invite him to read more. His eye fell on the words: "I am sending you the bit of Bobby's hair. He's been gone eleven years. He would have been fifteen today." Then Bobby, the owner of the golden lock, must have been four years old when he died. The same age as the kid. Joe read his namesake's letter through, he had no delicate feelings about that—but he was getting decidedly uncomfortable, all the same. He came to the last paragraph.

"There is just a chance that I may get a bit of money come in this evening. If it does I will pop it into this." The peruser of the letter picked up the envelope and felt inside it. There was no sign of a note. He glanced at the table, there was nothing lying there except the golden curl. For some reason he seemed relieved. The S. A. G. had simply been guarding Bobby's hair. It was the same color as the kid's. This poor beggar had thought that his St. Anthony would take care of it. Why the dickens, had he not left the letter lying where it was? He picked up the envelope and examined it. It was torn right across. There was no possibility of re-sealing it and posting it on, and he possessed neither envelope nor stamp, had he wished to go to that length in reparation for his appropriation of the "finding." Yet Bobby's hair lay there before him, and it reminded

him of the kid. The kid and Bobby were, so to speak, both daring him to throw it away and have done with it. Then it was that Joe Hollins got a brain-wave. This poor soft fellow had mentioned his "daily Mass" in the letter which he had just been reading. That meant that he went to church every day. The Irish are cracked over their religion. There was a Catholic church around the corner near the pillar-box. The thing would be to take the torn envelope and its contents and leave it somewhere in the church where it would catch the writer's eye. He might go on guessing for the rest of his days, but he would have got his property back and the kid's dad would not have Bobby's hair on his conscience.

THE brain-wave commanded itself to its recipient. It was an inspiration. He replaced the letter and the precious packet carefully into the mutilated envelope. It just held together enough to permit his doing so. He would go and see if the church was open. Some nights he had seen it lighted up. Luck was in Joe's way in so far that it was Benediction evening. The congregation had just cleared off as he arrived. He was implicating himself in a most uncalled-for way in thus acting. If anyone chanced to catch sight of him he might be identified as having intercepted a missive which contained money since the letter alluded to a possible enclosure. But Joe Hollins had arranged with himself to take the risk. He was down and out, but he was not a common thief, after all. The other would be a false charge at the worst. Bobby and the kid had indicted him with a true charge. He had tried to rob Mrs. Brophy of Donegal. The congregation at St. Francis's was a poor one and the shabby stranger attracted no notice. He entered cautiously and looked about him for some fairly conspicuous place where he might deposit the letter where its writer would catch sight of it on the following morning. Then his eye alighted on a statue which stood against a pillar near the entrance. There was a ledge nearer still where he might place the letter so as to catch the eye of anyone entering, but the statue arrested him. It was that of a youthful, round-faced monk with a book in his hand. But what attracted Joe's attention was the figure of a curly-headed baby standing on the book.

It intrigued him. What had curly-headed babies standing on books to do with religion?

"Pew! They take the starch out of it, any old how!" Joe told himself. "Wouldn't the kid just have loved to see that?" Then the idea struck him. This was obviously the place to deposit Bobby's hair. There was a box for receiving alms close to the statue. Joe placed the packet there, just over the slot. Its writer could not fail to identify it. There was someone approaching from outside. Joe had no wish to be caught in his act of restitution. He cast a last, curious look at the young monk and the child. Who might he be? he wondered. *How* the kid would have loved it? The kid loved a bit of mischief, too. He slipped out into the dark street. To-morrow night he would in all probability be walking there when the policeman moved him on. He had no taste for the casual ward. So much for the second episode in this really curious story. Now for the third.

CHE new-comer who entered the church as Hollins left it was of a type anything but down-and-out. To judge by his appearance he was decidedly up-and-in. He was a stoutish man, with a very round face which for some reason or other provoked a laugh every time you looked at it. A highly remunerative laugh it was, for on the stage the newcomer was known as "the convulsing Conboys." The Convulsing Conboys convulsed audiences for a fee of I don't how many guineas a week. He was an excellent Catholic, and he made a practice of bestowing an alms on the less lucky folk, as he put it, whenever an extra good engagement came his way. He had just signed an unusually good contract on this particular evening, and he had the courtesy which many of the faithful lack, although they never convulse anybody, of turning into church to say "thank you." After the Convulsing Conboys had said his prayer, he made his way to the statue of St. Anthony to substantiate his words by a gift in the alms box.

"Well, St. Anthony, and how about your poor?" he asked, and the child standing on the book might well have laughed with glee at the twinkle in the incomparable eyes of the Convulsing Conboys.

Suddenly the eye in question let its glance fall on a torn envelope which

was lying on the box, impeding the way of the approaching coin. Mr. Conboys picked it up. It was stamped but had not been through the post.

"Queer!" Mr. Conboys turned it over, and read, "S. A. G." on the back; and as he did so something dropped out. It was Bobby's hair.

The Convulsing Conboys screwed up his face into a convulsing expression of puzzlement. What on earth did it mean? He referred to the letter which lay in his hand. He read the signature. "Your loving brother, Joe." But the loving Joe had not put his address. Someone must have picked the letter up and put it here. Then the face of the Convulsing Conboys assumed a new, and in its way, equally convulsing expression. He was frowning. The letter alluded to an enclosure in the shape of money. A note. There was no note there. Had it been taken by the finder or had it not been forthcoming? The contents of the letter, which the investigator absorbed carefully, showed that Mrs. Brophy to whom it was addressed was a widow in poor circumstances. The Convulsing Conboys was quick at the uptake. He had recognized in a twinkling an opportunity for combining his thank-offering with a little joke very much after his own heart. The widow at Donegal needed money and she should have it. He sat himself down, then and there, in a bench where there was some light obtainable and took out his pocket-book. It contained both notes and emergency writing materials. The Convulsing Conboys also carried a fountain pen—method had combined with facial expression to get him on in the world.

He selected a superfine cream-laid envelope and commenced to copy the name and address from the mutilated one. He got into difficulties over the Brophy and made a mess of it—with the address, and then disapproved of the result as a work. It was not up to the Conboys standard, which was applied to everything, not merely the art of convulsing. The superfine cream-laid envelope was laid aside among its fellows—it had already had a pound note placed in it—and another took its place. Mr. Conboys achieved a perfect "Brophy," placed the letter, Bobby's hair and another pound note—it was quickest to take a second one—in it and affixed a postage stamp. He would post it on his way home. He would like to see Mrs. Brophy's "lov-

ing Joe's" face when he received her acknowledgments. The comedian who convulsed others was more than willing to be convulsed himself. It seemed a little hard that circumstances made it impossible.

Mr. Conboys may have been meditating on this when his attention was attracted by a man walking along ahead of him. He was walking close to the wall to escape the keen mind and his arms were pressed closely to his sides as an additional means of warmth. The man who was in luck hurried on and overtook him. Here was another object for a Thank-You offering. He hailed the other in a friendly way. "Going to sleep out to-night, Mate?" he asked. "Not to-night, but to-morrow, most likely."

CHÉ Convulsing Conboys liked the answer. He liked the face of the man who made it. "Stone broke?" he queried. "Well, I've had a stroke of luck myself and I'd like to share it." He felt for his pocket-book. He had no wish to display the sheaf of notes it contained—not that he suspected the other of making a grab at it, but it might seem ostentatious. He remembered that there was a single note in the spoiled envelope, and accordingly proceeded to extract it. He took the note out and handed it to the astonished stranger.

The latter stammered his thanks. He looked hard at his benefactor. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "but aren't you the Convulsing Conboys?"

The other raised his hat and made a neat bow. "I am addressing one of my patrons?" he suggested.

The heart of Joe Hollins had expanded under the warmth of the occasion. A pound sterling when you are down and out can be as intoxicating as a whiskey.

"We took the kid to see you two years ago, just before he died," he said. "You and the acrobats. The wife took him home and I stayed on. He was only four. He didn't half laugh at you. God bless you, sir."

"Look here," was Mr. Conboys' reply, "you and I have got to be friends. Come and see me when you have spent that. Wait a bit. Here's my card. Take it to Smith and Co., the contractors who are doing the roads. I suppose you can use a pick-axe at a stretch?" He took out a card from the same accommodating receptacle—and scribbled something on it by way of an introduction. "I've

given Tom Smith screws so often from laughing his sides off," he remarked, "that he considers himself in my debt." He then proceeded to slip the card into the envelope from which he had taken the note. "Here," he said. "That will keep it from getting soiled. A finger-mark can spoil the whole business. It has my address on it. Don't forget."

So Joe Hollins and the Convulsing Conboys went in their respective ways rejoicing.

The widow Brophy, of Co. Donegal, made good haste to acknowledge her brother's letter. Joe Flynn, settled down at his supper after a hard day's work, turned the envelope over in his hand. There was a pious S. A. G. on the back, just as there had been on his. So she had received Bobby's hair all right. He was beginning to wish that he hadn't sent it. He was feeling better and less in the dumps. It was with distinct satisfaction that he noted the soft little packet between the leaves of his sister's letter. "I am sending back Bobby's hair," Mrs. Brophy wrote. "The idea of you parting with it. Why the little angel's holy relic will be a protection to you. I thought so to myself when I was praying to St. Anthony, and thanking him for letting me get the pound note safe, the same that you were so kind as to send me—"

Joe Flynn had no eyes for the eloquently worded flood of gratitude which followed. He was staring at the words, "the pound note."

But he had sent no pound note! What on earth did Norah mean? He had had no luck with the dogs, and he was not a millionaire to send pound notes about absent-mindedly!

He seized a pen and wrote to his sister disclaiming the benefaction. He had asked St. Anthony to guard the letter but not to tamper with the contents. It looked as though the wonder-worker had had a hand in it.

The widow Brophy favored this explanation with enthusiasm. The letter had been enclosed in a beautiful blue envelope, and the hand-writing on it was lovely, just like a copy-book. She had thought that someone had been teaching Joe how to write. St. Anthony had certainly worked a miracle on their behalf. The matter might have ended there, for Joe Flynn, though a hard-headed every-day kind of fellow, had no other explanation to offer. But a

joke becomes abortive if it does not proclaim itself in the end, whether the conspirator be the Convulsing Conboys or another.

Two days later Joe Flynn was sitting eating his lunch by the side of the temporarily silenced pneumatic drill when his eye fell on something in the hand of one of his mates, a new hand who had just joined the workers on the road. It was a blue envelope. Road-menders do not, as a rule, receive love-letters on superfine stationery. Especially poor chaps like this one. As for the new hand, he was meditating lighting his pipe from the charcoal fire with the scrap of paper which he had taken from his pocket. It was the envelope which Mr. Conboys had given him to keep the card clean. He had abstracted the card, leaving the protecting envelope in his pocket when he called to present it at Smith's yard. Now he was about to twist the latter into a pipe-lighter when suddenly a name and address on it caught his eye. "Mrs. Brophy." And it was addressed to a place in Co. Donegal.

Joe Hollins gaped at it. The same address as that other letter. It was uncanny! What did it mean?—this sudden reminder of an incident which he preferred to forget.

The Irish chap who worked next to him was coming over his way. He passed behind him, and as he did so he glanced at the paper in Joe Hollins' hand.

It was a man with a face as startled as his own who addressed Joe Hollins.

"Say, Mate, do you know my sister?"

The other Joe eyed his namesake. So this was the writer of the letter! And they were working on the same job. Well, he need only tell the truth.

He shook his head. The gentleman who had given him a card of introduction to the firm had put it into the blue envelope. He had no idea who Mrs. Brophy might be.

Joe Flynn asked if he might be allowed to know the gentleman's name.

There was no harm in telling him. "Mr. Conboys, that's called 'the Convulsing Conboys.'"

Joe Flynn was intensely interested. "He belongs to our church," he said. "I often see him there." He relapsed into silence. The blue envelope in the other's hand was a beau-

tiful blue, and the writing on it, save that the name Brophy was a mess, was in lovely writing like a copy-book. He gave his knee a sudden smack, sending out a cloud of dust. Then he explained his emphatic action. "I've got it!" he said. "A letter I sent to the post got dropped, and someone picked it up and sent it on in a clean envelope. It must have been Mr. Conboys—the Convulsing Conboys as is."

He paused. Should he tell this new pal about the pound note? It was the whole point of the story but it needed thinking over. "It was in a blue envelope," he explained.

The new pal was in a state of perplexity.

"Then what's it doing in my pocket?" he asked. A dangerous question, considering, but he was thoroughly fogged. Then Joe Flynn shone out in the character of Sherlock Holmes. "He's messed up the Brophy," he said, so he used another. He is like that, is Mr. Conboys, very particular." He nearly added that the man of method had characteristically found a secondary use for the messed-up envelope, but being an Irishman with native tact he refrained. It was sufficiently obvious that his pal was not one on whom one would waste good stationery.

"I'll tax Mr. Conboys with it," he said, "when I see him on Sunday. He sometimes serves the same Mass as me."

CHE following Monday Joe Flynn had something to tell his new mate which was not entirely news. Mr. Conboys had owned up, and whilst St. Anthony had disclaimed a direct miracle, the story was entirely to the latter's credit. Not only had he safeguarded the letter but he had supplemented its contents, for Mr. Conboys had found the letter, lying open on his shrine and his subsequent action had been in honor of St. Anthony, the servant of the poor. Joe Flynn was moved to tell the whole story of the pound note. The other Joe listened.

"Whose shrine?" he asked, when mention was made of the place where the letter had been deposited.

So that young fellow with a shaven crown was St. Anthony! He remembered the S. A. G. on the back. It was queer. So he had taken it to St. Anthony without knowing. His mate didn't know the queerest part

of the story. He groped after what might be said on the other side. The astounding thesis demanded an opposition.

"They might have put the letter there because of the baby," he objected, "the little bit of the kiddy's hair being in it." Joe Flynn turned himself around and stared at his mate. "How did you know that there was a bit of hair in the letter?" he asked. "I never told you."

Joe Hollins sat there, speechless. He had been too clever.

"Look here, matey," he said, at length, "I'm for making a clean breast of it." And, with that, he cleaned his breast with the frankness

of one who feels in need of the process.

He told about the S. A. G., and his diverting of the nun's alms. He told about the kid and how the bit of hair had done the trick and made him wishful to restore the letter to its owner. How he had gone into the church and been attracted by the baby on the monk's book and been impelled to place the letter there. Then he told about the meeting with the benevolent stranger whom he recognized as the Convulsing Conboys, and the subsequent change in his luck, thanks to his kindness.

Joe Flynn held out his hand at the end of the recital. It was Bobby's

and the kid's fathers who sealed their friendship with the grip that followed.

"We must go and tell Mr. Conboys the whole story," Joe Flynn said. "You and he and St. Anthony are all concerned in this." "I was thinking," Joe Hollins said. He had removed his cap in order to do so more comfortably. "I was thinking that it almost seems as though the three little 'uns had been having a game with us."

And that is why I have entitled this story, which I had first thought of calling, "S. A. G." "A Conspiracy of Three." They say second thoughts are the best?



La Toinette

A THEATRICAL STAR IN SOVIET RUSSIA

By ROBERT L'ETROCK

lights greeted her, as she took the stage and gave herself up entirely to a new dance learned but a few days before. The queerly assorted, but nevertheless appreciative, audience watched her breathlessly, now and again breaking into fresh applause, as La Toinette swept up and down, her beautifully moulded milk-white arms curved over the small head of dark gold.

It was thus that Jack Irvine, seated in a rather uncomfortable stall, saw her for the first time.

"Gracious! So this is the novel attraction of Moscow," he thought, his slim, tanned hands crumpling the futile mis-spelt program. "La Toinette! Wonder where they've discovered her!—Why—her limbs are like poetry and her dancing! Wish I could find out who she is. Typically Russian, probably! But why La Toinette?"

The music rose crescendo. The new star raised herself on tiptoes, spread out her arms, silhouetted against the deep crimson background of the stage. She blew no kiss to the entranced audience, the supple limbs bent in no formal courtesy. La Toinette simply danced off the stage, and Irvine felt that his hands were aching after an outburst of fierce applause.

Throwing the crumpled program onto the floor, the Englishman rose and moved to the nearest gangway. He did not want to stay and watch the casual cliched performances of a clown, whose name appeared for the next item. He had come, hoping to find an indifferent attraction after a heavy day of relief work and he had found La Toinette. She sufficed. Yet, obviously, Irvine's clapping had soared beyond the average note, for just as he was entering the shabbily furnished smoke-befouled foyer, a grizzly-bearded man, slunk up to him.

"Mister, interested in La Toinette," he began laboriously. "She, is a wonder! Would Mister please see her now behind stage?"

Irvine stepped back, more than bewildered.

"I am afraid," he began, but the resourceful little man was quick to interrupt:

"Mister go back his country and talk. Interesting, a star of the Soviet, eh? Mister care come?"

His narrow green eyes, barely visible from under the battered rim of a slouching hat, peered at Irvine. The latter gave an indifferent shrug. After all—it did savor of a novelty—this unexpected introduction to a Soviet star. He might just as well go through with it. Yet, for all this reasoning a hint of regret crept into his thin clean-shaven face. The nearness of La Toinette might prove de-

LA TOINETTE sat down before the cracked, unframed mirror in her diminutive dressing-room. Her turn was coming in a few minutes and then she would see the welcome glare of the footlights and dancing would send fiery warmth through her well-nigh frozen limbs. For the dressing room boasted of no fire and the flickering light of a lone tallow candle made for little cheerfulness. La Toinette drew a threadbare wrap closer round her thin shoulders and sighed. After all, even the amazing privilege of being "starred" at the early age of eighteen led to no luxuries under the Soviet rule. True, one did not starve, but one had to go without fires and forego the idea of possessing good clothes. She hadn't seen the color of her hard-earned money for about six weeks.

"And my best boots let in water," thought La Toinette ruefully and then jumped up, as she heard steps just outside the badly hinged door. Her small, clear-tinted face showed relief. The next half hour would be dreamt away, in dancing.

Slight, well-built, with the music of liquid grace running through her black silk-clad limbs, she ran onto the stage, her superbly poised head lightly carrying the dark gold burden of deftly coiled plaits.

Music, rapidly swelling applause, warmth and the welcome glare of

structive to his first impression of her.

"Well—all right," still he spoke hesitatingly. "But, wait a bit, how did you come to discover her?"

"A commissar—he go a village—see her dance—ah so queerly—no shoes—on grass! Wonderful! He come and ask her and give her money—not too much money—no." His clipped vocabulary ended in a telling gesture.

"That Commissar was no fool," thought Irvine and said aloud, "All right! I'd be glad to see her, but my Russian is, well, rather halting."

The shabby little man stammered that it would not matter and asked Irvine to follow him.

* * *

LA TOINETTE had not had time to change. She hated hurrying. After the performance she loved to sit still, cupping her chin in her slim little hands. Dreams came easily if one sat like that—and when one is eighteen and in love, dreams are more than legitimate. So she loved to think of her big, brave, shaggy Siemen, whose ring she was wearing on her left hand finger, that uncouth, shy Siemen, living far back in their native village. He had hated her coming up to Moscow, had protested against her dancing—"And what a heathen name have they given you, Anna?"—he asked, when, after unsuccessful efforts she had given up trying to make him learn the difficult pronunciation of La Toinette. Then she danced across the room towards him and told him that a heathen name did not matter much considering God will always know her under her real baptismal label, but the argument was cold comfort to Siemen.

"You die there," he said gloomily, "and the angels will mistake you for a pagan! Whoever heard of a good Christian being La-la-la," he faltered, and his cheeks crimsoned under their deep tan.

And then there were dangers! Under their bristling eyebrows, Siemen's dark eyes grew darker and wider. Of these things he would not talk to her, but she understood without words. Her dancing alone did not trouble him, but—. He shook his big head. And why should she go and leave the village and the peace it stood for? Could she not dance on the village green and be content with it?

"But I am going to make money, Siemen, and then come back to the village—and you."

Still he feared, feared so that at the end he refused to consider the matter, but the unuttered things came out in his loyal troubled eyes! Dear silly Siemen! As though anything could come in between them! Dancing was wonderful, but, after all, you danced with your feet, but you loved with your heart and once your heart was given to loving someone, it was given entirely. No piece-meal business did La Toinette consider it with the adorably wise foolishness for her eighteen undisturbed summers.

And here the door opened and in came the manager with a strange man in his wake.

La Toinette started. Instinctively she reached for the shabby wrap and threw it over her bare shoulders. Scanty clothing might be suffered on the stage, but once away from the footlights—there was always Siemen to remember.

"Here, La Toinette," the manager spoke rapidly—"This English Mister has admired your dancing and has come to tell you so."

The girl's big cornflower eyes shot a surprised glance at the stranger. She did not know what to do or to say. Obviously this foreigner did not belong to the "comrade" class. She opened her mouth very wide, but her throat felt dry and lumpy. An awkward pause followed and Irvine hurried to fill the gap.

"Yes, I like your dancing very much," he hoped his casually learned Russian would not let him down. "It is marvelous. You, you learned it at home?"

La Toinette smiled.

"Yes, on the village green."

He gave a little gasp of astonishment and turned to the manager, but the latter had withdrawn. Irvine found himself confronted with a rather singular tête-à-tête. The Soviet star sat still, tugging at the well-worn fringe of her shawl. The Englishman coughed. He wished he had not come here. She—he groped for an adequate expression and got it—she was not of the town world. The few months on the stage had not interfered with her rural ingenuity.

"I hope, er, you like dancing," he dropped lamely.

"Ah, yes, my feet like it," she stopped fidgetting with her wrap. "It is like music to me when they

move." So, her tiny black-slipped feet beat a tune on the bare floor and her unrouged lips smiled again.

"I am glad. What do you think of the stage? Do you not find life and things different?"

She seemed puzzled.

"Different! No! At first, though," —she remembered—"no air in the streets, no flowers in the summer. More work. Ah, yes," her eyelids dropped shyly, "letters come from the village. Siemen gets the parish clerk to write to me and the manager answers back." She was taking it for granted that he would assume her illiteracy.

IRVINE discreetly forbore asking about Siemen's identity.

"So you are quite happy here?"

"Ah, yes, except for the shoes."

"Shoes," he echoed. "Whyever boots?"

La Toinette bent her head forward and laughed softly. If she were different, Irvine would have thought she was pulling his leg. Why should an obviously recognized star be worried about such a trivial detail as shoes?

So she began explaining.

La Toinette did not know what it meant to be reticent. Anyhow, what reasons should one have to be reticent about shoes, or rather their absence, and such like things? This unknown foreigners, he, so unlike the "comradely" people she met and often shrank from, had liked her dancing, had come to tell her so and had spoken very kindly to her. Why should she not tell him?

She did.

So, within less than a quarter of an hour, Irvine learned that one could be a Soviet star without enjoying any substantial glory from the honor, that in a State-run theatrical establishment paydays were extremely rare and contracts extremely binding.

"What is 'sabotage'?" she asked. "They say that if any of us refuse to do things—they will have us up for 'sabotage.' I don't know what it means." And she told him that she didn't mind waiting for the money. "It does come at the end," —but it grieved her to go about shabby. "And now that my best shoes let in water, I shall have to sit at home," she ended ruefully.

"And yet you can dance! You are a 'star'?" he muttered.

Gravely she replied:

"They tell me so—but this has nothing to do with the money, has it? You can only be a star if you can dance."

IRVINE did not answer. A reckless idea entered into his head. And, after all, why not? "Stars" were given jewels, flowers, sweets—all the world over! This bewilderingly self-unconscious "star" had centered her greatest ambition round a new pair of shoes. Why shouldn't she have them? And he'd better hurry, as he heard the manager's muffled cough behind the door.

"I suppose," he said as carelessly as he could, "that there are still a few shops in Moscow?"

"I don't know," she shook her head, "I have not been out much. And now that my shoes let in water, I shall simply stay at home and dance. It will be all right. It must be. You see, I shall be going home soon and then I shall have money to buy another cow and a few pigs." She hurried on, "Siemen is so sorry that he has no pigs. They all died last year. It is nice to have your very own pigs," she smiled that adorable smile of hers which somehow spoke more than any uttered words.

"Yes, it must be! Very nice indeed," he muttered and held out his hand. "Well, best luck to you, Mademoiselle La Toinette. I hope I shall see you again."

She looked more than bewildered as he bent his head and kissed the slender tips of her very cold fingers. As the door shut behind his tall, lean figure, La Toinette glanced at her hand and blushed crimson. It was really very nice being "a star." No one had ever before spoken to her like that! His voice was not a bit rough! Siemen's voice was—oh ever so. She flushed angrily. What was she coming to? If you loved a man, you loved him—not his gentleness or roughness. If she allowed herself to think such awful thoughts, she'd better never meet any other nice foreigner again.

Yet, in spite of this resolution, La Toinette passed her left palm over her right hand and smiled again. She would ask Siemen to kiss her hand when she got back to the village. He had never done it.

* * *

And down in the dim, smoke-be-fouled foyer, Irvine was hurriedly talking to the manager of the theatre. The latter listened, a mischievous

twinkle in his narrow green eyes.

"No! I don't want you to tell her anything. Just get me a pair of her old slippers. Hers are shabby—aren't they? Well, I noticed they were! You may tell her that the stage management has decided to get her a new pair of dancing slippers. Understand?" The man nodded dumbly. "And when you've got these slippers, send them along to the White Relief House. Here is my card," he fished one out and smiled like a schoolboy out for an adventure. "So, I'll rely on you not to tell her. Goodnight," and he hurried out into the drizzling autumn night.

The manager understood. At least he imagined he understood and his fancies, certainly, went deeper than either Irvine's meaning or La Toinette's village-fostered comprehension. But this is neither here nor there.

* * *

La Toinette was happy. Blissfully happy, so that she pirouetted round her scantily furnished attic until her bare pink toes got tired of the bare boards and then she squatted on a tiny rug in front of a miserable smoking stove and shut her eyes the better to enjoy her happiness.

Her hard earned money had come that very morning.

Such an unbelievable lot of it. Crisp wads of beautiful paper, pink and fawn and grey? Millions and millions of it. She did not know how much there was and she did not care! Siemen would know and if he didn't, the parish clerk would tell him. She was sending the whole lot of it to the village this very afternoon by such curious means as the registered post? She did not quite know what this meant, but the manager had said that, if you sent money like that, it could not get lost. She always relied on the manager. He was so clever. And Siemen would get the money and would stop being angry with her for having dared to go to Moscow. He would surely be appeased by the cow and the pigs. La Toinette wrinkled her forehead, trying to make out whether those thick crisp wads would pay for two cows instead of merely one. She gave up the attempt. Siemen would know.

It was at this moment that the manager turned up.

"See here, La Toinette," he greeted her with a paternal pat on the shoulder, "you are getting on! Do you

remember the foreign comrade I brought in to see you about a week ago?"

La Toinette nodded dumbly. She had not since thought much about the foreigners. He did not come to see her again, nor did she notice him among the none too big audience.

"Well, you have caught him all right, my little one," continued the manager solemnly. "See what he is sending you! And he is so sorry he cannot come to see you again for a week or so, but when he does come back, mind—be nice to him. He must be a great man in his own country."

La Toinette listened with her mouth open. If she had but known, the shabby little man was giving free vent to his imagination. Irvine had given him the parcel and, on his suggestion that he, Irvine, should deliver it personally, he had replied:

"I don't think I want to see her again. Besides, I'm leaving Moscow in a day or two. Not likely to be back. Anyhow, see that she gets these. It might make her happy."

But the manager had decided to give La Toinette a highly garbled version of what had passed.

And, now, she watched him unpack layers and layers of thick brown paper. She glimpsed soft white tissue, and, emerging out of its folds, two pairs of magnificent shoes came in sight. Her cheeks paled and she clasped her tiny hands.

"These—are these for me?" she faltered.

An oily smile crossed the manager's lips.

"Sure they are. And will they not look pretty on your little feet. Now, which do you like best, the beige or the grey? Eh? Is it not nice to be a 'star'?"

But La Toinette did not seem to hear him. Squatted on the shabby rug, she kept still, her big cornflower eyes riveted on the magnificent boots. She all but stretched out one hand to touch the soft suede and then withdrew it quickly.

"Why?" she lifted her puzzled face, "why should he?"

THE manager smiled. Her simplicity was really bewitching.

"Little one, do you not know that men like to spend their money when they see such pretty young girls as you are? Shoes is nothing," he spoke importantly. "You wait! Others will come! And there will be furs

and jewels for you. But mind, you be nice," he repeated.

La Toinette did not understand.

"**F**urs and jewels!" she echoed dreamily. "Why should they? I have nothing to give in return. I can only dance."

"Well, dance then," the manager rose. He really felt at sea with this girl. He could not imagine such denseness was in existence. So he decided to give her a bit of illuminating advice on parting. "Men are men, my little one, and they like to be loved. Do not push them back, unless you want to be silly."

And he left her.

For a long spell La Toinette kept quite still on the rug. The little stove started smoking and it made her cough, but she did not move. She sat with her eyes riveted on the magnificent shoes. She had not touched them yet. Had not thought of trying them on. She was staggering under the burden of a, to her, hurtlingly novel experiment, that of having to think things out.

Men liked one to be nice, and they liked one to be nice so much that they sent one presents? These shoes! Why, they must have cost more than her own thick wad of notes. He had only seen her once and he sent them. Why? And he was coming to see her again, and, according to the manager's injunctions, she was to be nice to him!

Then, in a flash of lightning, La Toinette remembered Siemen. Some uncounted for sense in her sought for and found the right interpretation of that silent, clouded mood of his. It was just as though she, La Toinette, could take to real heathen ways because of her "heathenized" name. Siemen had hinted at that, but had never put it into words. Yet Siemen knew and Siemen was right. You danced with your feet, but you loved with your heart, yet, sometimes your feet would sweep you away to where the heart could not go.

"There is nothing but danger in big towns for such as you, little star," Siemen had said; but when she had insisted on him telling her about the unnameable danger, he would turn away his big shaggy head and make no reply.

Jewels, furs, shoes—the like of which she had never worn on her little feet!

She glanced 'round her helplessly. She wished Siemen was there just

to tell her how to go on. She wished the manager would come back so that she might tell him that it was no use his asking her to be nice to anyone. Siemen would not like it. Surely the manager would see that!

La Toinette's eyes filled with tears. Even dancing, even footlights and applause were not quite worth it. She had never felt so puzzled back home in her village. Things ran so straight there. Simple! One knew what to do, what to say! Here everybody talked so that one could not understand.

She fumbled for her handkerchief. Her trembling fingers touched something at the bottom of her pocket. She had forgotten to give the money to the manager. She drew out the thick, neatly rolled wad. Looked at it curiously. Then looked 'round the shabby little room, a mad decision hammering its very way through her inexperienced mind. There were railway stations in Moscow! One gave money and one got a ticket and one went home. Then Siemen would put everything right. As to dancing—why—she threw back her little head—could one not go on dancing on the village green?

La Toinette was running along an uncrowded platform. A big bundle, tied in an enormous multi-colored shawl, was under her arm. She was breathing heavily and her cheeks were peony-ied. She was not quite sure whether she would not be "taken up" for running away in this curious manner. But she did not care.

And luck had come her way in the burly shape of a kind porter who saw to things in a marvelous way. He had helped her buy the ticket, told her the number of the platform. Life was getting simpler again. She smiled at the porter and ran on, jealously clinging to her huge bundle.

She saw the train being put in and stood still and shut her eyes for a moment. The roar of the engine still frightened her. "Suppose the big thing got off the rails and rushed on here and hit me," she thought fearfully, and then, after a brief hesitation, opened her eyes and gave a little gasp.

A few yards away, Irvine stood looking at her in sheer amazement.

La Toinette's first idea was to run away, but her feet would not obey her. Fear leapt into her eyes, as he came up to her.

"He will tell them—tell everybody and they will take me up for running

away,"—the frenzied idea shot through her mind and in desperation she resolved to throw herself on his mercy.

"You will not tell them, you will not," she implored, all but dropping her precious bundle. "I was so frightened! The manager—he—he came and gave me your present and said you—you were away and that when you were back, I—I—"

She could not finish and a tear rolled down on a hot crimson cheek. Somehow intuition came to Irvine's aid. He understood the unspoken ending.

"I was not coming back, Mademoiselle La Toinette," he said gravely. "I am going away. I did not think you would like to see me again. I merely wanted to send you that little present."

"You—you did not want me to be nice—in return?" she interrupted breathlessly.

He bowed very low more to conceal his involuntary smile than from any other reason.

"You could not be nicer than you are, Mademoiselle La Toinette," he replied gallantly.

She heaved a sigh of relief.

"Oh, but he frightened me so! Jewels and furs! And he said, he said, her lips trembling, "Men liked one to be nice! For me, there is Siemen—there," she waved one tiny ungloved hand in the direction of the train.

"Yes," echoed Irvine, quite seriously. "I knew for you there is Siemen. I did not want to come and worry you again, Mademoiselle La Toinette, because you had told me there was Siemen!"

She puckered her forehead and did not answer.

"So you are going away?" he asked.

She nodded.

THE burly porter ran past, gesturing to La Toinette. She clasped her bundle tighter.

"Goodbye! And thank you so much—for the shoes."

He raised his hat.

"Goodbye and God bless you. I am sure you are doing right. And your dancing?"

"There is the village green," she reminded him, climbing into the coach.

Irvine watched the train disappear and went down the platform towards the booking office.

"A vanished star," he thought. "Just a meteor! Poor wonderful child! And if I ever meet that scoundrel of a manager, I'd break every bone in his body."

* * *

By the light of an indifferent oil lamp, La Toinette sat in a tiny timbered hut and her fingers caressed the soft velvety suede. She had unbosomed herself to her story and Siemen had made no comment.

"Siemen," she said timidly, "I think I should like to wear them on our wedding day."

The tall, uncouth man slowly rose from the wooden bench. Fires smouldered in his deeply sunk eyes.

"Wear them," he echoed. "No, Anna, you shall not."

"Why?"

"Because, ah, well," the giant stopped, feeling helpless with his clipped vocabulary. "They are town shoes. Too grand for the village."

La Toinette sighed.

"But I do like them, Siemen. And he was not a bad man. I have told you."

He towered over her.

"Too grand for the village,"—most pointedly he ignored her allusion to Irvine, and went on doggedly, "Anna, I was keen on you when—" he gulped his breath noisily—"when you ran bare-footed in those fields yonder."

"Well," she murmured resignedly, "they might pay us for another pig,"—and she put aside the gorgeous shoes without as much as looking at them. It was so easy being there, being with Siemen. He understood. He was simple. He loved her. The restfulness of it made her smile.

Life was so simple—after all.

The Dud

JUST BLAME HIS PARENTS

By RONALD RICHINGS

arbitrarily set him, and he is fearful to lose grown-ups' privileges.

The lack of discipline in his parents reacts most unfavorably on him. They give or withhold sanctions in a completely haphazard way, and having said, "No, dear," once, they are only too liable, upon being urged, to add, "Oh, very well, then—just this once!" and both he and they know that such weakness of decision can be traded on in the future.

Inevitably he is selfish, and when on rare occasions he meets other boys, he finds them stronger than his parents and resents their forceful attitude. Straightway he complains, refuses to join in their games, and ends the meeting with sulks or a storm of angry tears. Then he finds that girls are more amenable; he chooses them when he is allowed to play with anyone, and over-rules them in all details.

At last he reaches school age. He is encouraged to believe that a new and delightful field for conquest lies open to him, and no one warns him that his parents have given him the worst possible preparation for the contest. They themselves decide, indulgently, that it is time the dear lad had the benefit of other boys' company, and they tacitly agree that the masters shall be given the responsibility they themselves have shirked: "He will soon settle down there!" is the way they express the matter. They choose a large school because

of its name, without considering the difficulties that overwhelming numbers must create, and send him off with many such absurd injunctions, and they explain to the headmaster, the housemaster, the matron and everyone else whom they meet that theirs is rather an unusual boy, and that in this way or that he requires peculiar treatment.

The child begins his career at school with the impression that he can behave there as he does at home. He is bumptious. Quickly he finds himself disregarded. He is aggrieved by a rough-and-tumble, loses his temper, is overpowered, cries, and is marked down as "mother's baby"; he further earns the sobriquet by carrying out his parents' instructions not to share his play-things, though he monopolizes them for reasons of selfishness rather than obedience, and fails to see that he makes himself ridiculous by his petulant reiteration, "Mummy said I wasn't to lend it!"

He now becomes a tempting subject for ragging; he loses his temper and weeps whenever his inferiority is thus demonstrated and so exposes himself to further baiting. He finds he has entered a completely new and incompatible world. His inability to see things from other people's points of view, and his appalling lack of generosity, preclude any chance of his accepting the situation philosophically or of attempting to reform his manners. He becomes more and more determined to have his own way, and employs craft to get it; he finds that he can impose his will

HE is the spoilt boy at home, the only child. Nearly always he has his own way, although he is often deprived of little necessities and many innocuous superfluities through his parents' lack of thought, or laziness.

He is adored, and never rebuked for interesting himself in affairs that do not concern him; indeed, all subjects, private and public, are discussed before him without reticence, and he is permitted, often encouraged, to take a disproportionate share in conversations that once would have been reserved until the younger generation were absent. His parents desire to keep him with them in and out of season, so that when friends pay visits he seems parasitic and entirely unattractive.

Being so much in company with grown-ups, his early outlook on life is perverted, for a precocious child must of necessity be unbalanced, since he has neither the experience, the judgment, nor the reason required for a studied point of view; but he early discovers the way to inspire his parents with admiration; he has little else to do; and presently he is elevated to a pedestal which, he becomes aware, is sometimes pleasantly secure, but occasionally very precarious, and he is so hard put to it to retain his place that he welcomes the aid of lying when he is in difficulties and the aid of "showing off" when he is quite at ease; for he is quick to sense the disappointment of his parents when he falls below the standard they have

on smaller and younger boys, but as he is secretly ashamed and exasperated to have to fall so low for effect, he takes a malicious delight in coercing them into vagaries or mischief. Older boys, always on the alert for offensiveness in those whom their code of honor brands as undesirable, are quick to punish him; he receives his chastisement cravenly or out of temper, and so further offends against school canons.

The masters have no time for the excessive amount of personal supervision he requires, and he is left to the rough justice of his fellows; and so great is the expenditure of nervous energy occasioned by his disappointment, his resentment, his brooding, and his punishment, that he grows thin and pallid, hollow-eyed and wasted, and becomes the easy prey of whatever ailment is prevalent. Illness offers a means of escape, of which sub-consciously, or even consciously, he avails himself! he enjoys the respite of the sick-room and looks forward to the rewards that follow the heroism of sickness—kind attentions from his companions during convalescence and immediately afterwards—but before these are exhausted he disgraces himself again by over-assurance or meanness, and the vicious circle is continued.

His development has been retarded; he is a failure; he is ill. The school, his parents decide, is too large to provide the individual attention required by a delicate and sensitive child, so he is removed.

The parents, meanwhile, have shared no part of their son's punishment for their ill training, and the pain of separation makes them yet more stupid in their behavior when he returns home. They permit him still more license, and sympathize indiscriminately with him in his tale of horror.

He is exultant. His deranged nervous system fastens on every chance of excitement, which overtires him and leaves him peevish and moody. He has no regrets for leaving lessons and games, for he remembers his failure in both—failure due, solely, to the wretchedness of his state of mind. He has escaped!

LATER he may be given lessons by a private tutor, but lack of discipline increases his old discontent and makes him more unmanageable. His parents look out for a more suitable school, and decide upon

one that is new and small, and highly recommended for special cases.

Once more a new world opens out before him. Backed by experience of a large school, secure in the certainty that his unsuccessful career will not be guessed at, he begins the new era with his parents' promise that there he will find things much more to his taste.

He is, indeed, over age, and has the advantage of a small stock of knowledge that at first stands him in good stead. He seems to have more social sense than his handful of school-fellows, for he is able to converse with his elders in a way that is not at first recognized as fawning. He is delighted to be more in grown-up society and free from the ridicule that did much to make life unbearable before: he is so engrossed in the happiness of escape that he proceeds without caution.

He begins to domineer. He spoils his social success by exaggeration when he finds his stocks running low: He asserts himself on every occasion, and when the smaller boys rebel, he is so fearful of losing his pre-eminence that he injudiciously starts to tyrannize. At once he is branded as a bully; a league is formed against him by outraged pupils. Remembering his former disasters and rejecting the lessons they taught, he repeats his mistakes and aggravates them in a feverish attempt to make his position sure. His ferocity, emphasized by sad experience, enables him to listen with terrible understanding to frank advice from his masters, but, so dominant has his lust for superiority become, he never tires of trying again and again to get his own way, to assert and to maintain his position, by lies and cowardice.

Exasperated to find the old unpleasant elements persisting in the new school, he determines, in spite of authority and help, to over-ride them. He falls into pitiful errors of judgment, and descends to the meanest of tricks in the prosecution of his aim; errors and tricks that he recognizes to be degrading and that enrage him further against the stubborn individuals who will not submit to him. Again his work and games suffer from the awful diffusion of his nervous energy, but he is still stronger than the smaller boys, and, in his frantic efforts to strengthen his hold over them, he overreaches himself.

One day, inevitably, consumed by his insane longing to demonstrate his

superiority but too tired and dulled by the expense of his nervous powers, he attacks a chosen victim, who is constrained to turn and hit back. The effect is startling and instantaneous. The Dud cries out. The victim is spurred on to complete his triumph. A fight ensues. The spoilt boy's utter collapse through weakness and his own improvidence coincides with a spurt of courage on the part of the victim; the other boys cheer the victory of the smaller one, and urge him to complete his conquest; that is not a difficult matter; the Dud is thoroughly disheartened, and he knows himself so well that he imagines that others must see his real failure—cowardice. He gives in, weeps, and complains of unfair attack or of being unwell.

FROM that moment he is vanquished. He tries to regain his position of bully, but no one is afraid of him any longer, and what success he meets with by foul means is more than nullified by his defeats. He is more and more humiliated; he is meeker, more subject to brooding, and, gradually, a prey to the fears he was wont to instill in others; he grows less and less aggressive in action and more despicable in design. His assumption of equality with his elders seems more offensive for being blatant; his immediate and grovelling advances towards older and bigger new-comers bring on him the scorn of the boys and strengthen the alliance against him. Once more he is accepted as a suitable subject of ragging, and he tries to escape by hiding, by subterfuge, or in morbid reflections.

Sometimes he tries to redeem his character in class, either by a show of irrelevant information or by "taking a rise" out of his masters, but the boys' attitude towards such tactics is far from complimentary. The masters reason with him, appeal to him, try to induce him to laugh at himself, assert their authority, and try to co-opt the other boys in an effort to save him from the fever of himself; but boys have a very definite code of honor and sense of *esprit de corps* that is more honest and direct than ours, and in spite of their repeated (if short-lived) magnanimity towards him, fights are provoked and occasions of teasing recur. Still, he runs away: only during intervals of respite is he amenable to discipline or the suggestions of others;

and any hint of support from his elders is the signal for abuse of their friendship with consequent rebukes. He consoles himself with thoughts of martyrdom and the refuge of illness. He avoids his companions and is miserably lonely and introspective. . . .

Perhaps his parents take him away

again. Perhaps he lingers on and becomes the butt of all the high-spirited. Perhaps those in authority protect him until he goes to a public school. At best, he seeks comfort in work and contents himself with social isolation. In any case he is a failure until, with extreme patience and perseverance and good sense he

is helped to see himself as others see him, and to fight the matter out himself, to change himself, to reform himself into a reasonably unselfish human being. He must do that or fail, at his preparatory school, his college or in after-life; and if he fails he will have, chiefly, his parents to blame.



Christ in Purgatory

OUR LORD IN HIS SUFFERING MEMBERS

By FRANCIS SHEA, C.P.

DONE of the mysteries of our Faith has so much in common with the Passion of Christ as Purgatory. They both embrace the mystery of suffering and they suggest much the same thoughts. They are so closely related as to be identified in a deep and real sense, making it possible to say without exaggeration that Christ suffers in Purgatory. What may appear sensational in this statement becomes a commonplace assertion of a dogmatic fact when we consider the doctrine of the mystical Body of Christ.

The Church, militant on earth, triumphant in Heaven and suffering in Purgatory forms one Body of which Christ is the head. It is called the mystical Body to distinguish it from the physical Body of Christ born of the Virgin Mary. The beauty of the teaching is lost on those who understand the word mystical to be the same as unreal or fictitious. This notion is corrected by attentive consideration of the words spoken by the Vision to St. Paul, when he was struck down on the Damascus road: "I am Jesus Whom thou persecutest." The Church against which Saul was breathing and threatening slaughter was the Body of Christ and, therefore, all his fierce activities were really directed against Jesus Himself.

A grasp on this clear truth should have the effect of increasing our compassion for the Souls in Purgatory and our zeal for relieving their distress, for they are the suffering members of the mystical Body of Christ.

Such charity is most pleasing to Jesus. In His Sacred Passion He was deeply moved by every act of kindness shown to Himself and He gave to each of those compassionate

ones some gift of extraordinary worth. Simon of Cyrene helped Him to carry His Cross, at first, it would seem, out of compulsion, but soon out of pity for the poor, uncomplaining Sufferer. And for his generous labor he received the gift of Faith. Nor would it be exaggeration to believe that his family was similarly blessed, for St. Mark inserts in this place the fact that he was "the father of Alexander and Rufus," evidently prominent Christians at the time St. Mark wrote. Wonderful, too, was the response of Jesus to the quick sympathy of Veronica who braved the fury of the mob and the rough repulse of soldiers to offer Him a towel to cleanse the sweat and blood from His Face. Back in her room she gazed with awe on the Image of Him Who is the joy of Angels, the desire of the everlasting hills.

A moment later He stopped. What could cause Him to delay in the work that was planned from eternity, that was to give infinite Glory to God, bring salvation to the world, make Him Conqueror over death and hell and exalt Him to His everlasting Throne? It was the tearful gathering of women lamenting for His pains. And He gave them the true meaning of His sufferings in a few brief words that deserve long meditation.

On the Cross, reviled and blasphemed, the chief criminal in a public execution, He found one who tried to stem the tide of insult who proclaimed His innocence, who, in pain himself, expressed His sympathy, and perhaps—who can tell?

—brought some courage to the weary soul of Jesus by reminding Him of the Kingdom so near at hand. It was not Moses nor Elias nor an angel, but only a common malefactor suffering the due reward of his deeds, but the God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob never spoke to His saintly servants more consoling words than Jesus spoke to this outcast with the compassionate heart. "Amen, I say to thee: this day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

And why did Jesus wait to the very last before providing for His Mother? The question is often put thus and words are multiplied to answer it. The answers are all so beautiful, so full of piety, so honorable to our Lord that it would be irreverence to contradict them. But the simple fact is that Jesus did not wait till then to provide for her who, of all creatures, was dearest to Him. She belonged to the Church and, had there been no St. John, she would have been eagerly and attentively cared for. But there was a St. John on Calvary, the disciple whom Jesus loved and who in turn loved Jesus to the utter disregard of himself. While the others fled, he stood forth, fearlessly claiming allegiance even though it meant association with Jesus in His ignominy with the possibility of a similar death. At that moment he was nearest to Jesus in every way, gave unmistakable signs of even more than friendly sympathy and was rewarded by receiving the Mother of Jesus as his special charge.

Thus, did the suffering Jesus reward every act of sympathy shown to Him in His Passion. How well He illustrates His own doctrine: "Give and it shall be given to you:

good measure and pressed down and shaken together and running over shall they give into your bosom. For with the same measure that you shall mete withal, it shall be measured to you again." (Luke 6, 38.) Before going further on the subject, it is well to point out that in none of these incidents—or possibly in two—were the actual sufferings of Jesus in any way diminished. He needed help in carrying the Cross not because of pain but because of physical inability. A moment after He used Veronica's towel, He fell to the ground and again His adorable Face was covered with dirt and sweat and blood. Whereas the help given to the Souls in Purgatory, however small, is an immense relief from excruciating pain and even delivers them entirely, admitting them to everlasting happiness.

We are now led to a further consideration. Jesus exalted all suffering by a particular blessing. "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are the meek: for they shall possess the land. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice: for they shall have their fill. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the clean of heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice's sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when they shall revile you and persecute you and speak all that is evil against you, untruly, for my sake: be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in Heaven." (Matt. 5: 3-12.)

Those who live and suffer in the spirit of the Beatitudes have even now a claim on the Kingdom of Heaven because they share the lot of His sanctified suffering Humanity. And yet the way of salvation for all consists in relieving the misfortunes and the sufferings of others. He may condense His teaching into two short sentences: Blessed are they that suffer: Blessed are they that relieve suffering, or, in His own words, "Blessed are the merciful." At certain points they seem to conflict, but to make this last clearer and more emphatic, He gives a remarkable discourse,—the effect of which depends so much on His actual words

that they are given here in full:

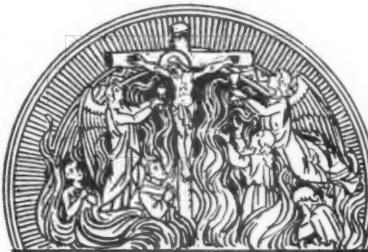
"And when the Son of man shall come in His majesty, and all the angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the seat of His majesty: And all nations shall be gathered together before Him, and He shall separate them one from another, as the shepherd separateth the sheep from the goats: And He shall set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on His left. Then shall the King say to them that shall be on His right hand: Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess you the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave Me to drink; I was a stranger, and you took Me in: Naked, and you covered Me; sick, and you visited Me: I was in prison, and you came to Me. Then shall the just answer Him, saying: 'Lord, when did we see Thee hungry, and fed Thee; thirsty, and gave Thee drink? And when did we see Thee a stranger, and took Thee in? or

everlasting punishment: but the just, into life everlasting. (Matt. 25, 31-46.)

Here all is made clear. The Beatitudes mean—"Blessed are ye that suffer because they are My sufferings which you share and they are necessary to merit entrance into My glory." This Judgment scene means—"Blessed are ye merciful because ye did it unto Me in relieving the distress of even the least members of My Mystical Body."

Now there is no beatitude attached to the sufferings of the Souls in Purgatory; there is no merit and no reward for all the pain endured there, even though it lasted for centuries. Neither can they help themselves one bit in the necessary process of purification. They are helpless, suffer excruciating pain, and are no richer for it when they enter heaven. Such sufferings cannot be pleasing to Christ and surely they exceed the temporal misfortunes described in the Judgment scene. How pleasing to Him, therefore, are the efforts of those who by prayer and sacrifice, by assistance at Holy Mass, minister relief and even bring deliverance to His suffering members in Purgatory. We have seen the rewards given to those who sympathized with Him in His Passion; the reward to be given at Judgment to those who minister to His suffering members on earth but we can only conjecture the rewards that shall be given to those who succor the poor, helpless, tormented Souls in Purgatory.

Still, only the selfish will waste time in conjecture. All others will be moved to help the Poor Souls, not only because of the thoughts suggested by the foregoing, but still by a remarkable evidence of the compassion of Jesus Himself for them. The Church, Spouse of the crucified Christ, teaches among the dogmas of Faith only two truths in regard to Purgatory: There is a Purgatory: and, the Souls in Purgatory can be assisted by the suffrages of the faithful, especially by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Was it not He Who inspired this teaching that the Holy Souls might be helped and delivered by those who assist at the Sacrifice of our Ransom—the Sacrifice of Propitiation? It is also a remarkable fact that among all the suffrages or devotions of the faithful the most richly indulged is the Stations of the Cross. We cannot approach the



naked, and covered Thee? Or when did we see Thee sick or in prison, and came to Thee?" And the King answering, shall say to them: "Amer, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me." Then He shall say to them also that shall be on His left hand: Depart from Me, you cursed, into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels. For I was hungry, and you gave Me not to eat: I was thirsty, and you gave Me not to drink. I was a stranger, and you took Me not in; naked, and you covered Me not; sick and in prison, and you did not visit Me. Then they also shall answer, saying: Lord, when did we see Thee hungry, or thirsty, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister to Thee? Then He shall answer them, saying: Amen I say to you, as long as you did it not to one of these least, neither did you do it to Me. And these shall go into

Passion of Christ without being excited to compassion for the Souls in Purgatory or without having abundant means to assist them.

We conclude with that beautiful page from the Confessions of St. Augustine, showing how he made use of thought of the Passion in praying for the soul of his sainted mother:

"I, therefore, O my Praise and my Life, thou God of my heart, laying aside for a while her good deeds, for which I joyfully give thee thanks, do now pray unto thee for the sins of my mother. Hearken unto me I beseech thee for his sake, who is the true medicine of our wounds, who hung upon the cross, and now, sitting at thy right hand, maketh intercession for us. I know that she hath dealt mercifully, and from her heart forgiven such as offended her. Forgive thou also her sins, if she committed any in so many years after she was cleansed by the water of salvation. Forgive her, O Lord, forgive her, I beseech thee, enter not into judgment with her.

"Let thy mercy overtop thy justice, because thy sayings are true, and thou hast promised mercy to such as are merciful; which yet they could not be without gift, who hast mercy on whom thou wilt have mercy, and wilt shew deeds of mercy to whom thou hast been mercifully inclined. And verily I believe that thou hast already done what I desire of thee, but yet accept, O Lord, this prayer which so willingly I make. For she, when the day of her death drew near, did not crave that her body might be sumptuously adorned, or embalmed with spices, nor desired she any choice monument, nor cared she to be conveyed for sepulture into her native land.

"Not these things did she recommend to us, but she desired only to be remembered at thy altar whereat she used to assist *without intermission of one day*, and from whence she knew that holy sacrifice to be dispensed, whereby "the handwriting which was against us is blotted out"; whereby is trodden under foot the enemy who numbereth our sins and seeketh what he may lay to our charge, yet found nothing in Him, in whom we are conquerors. Who shall restore unto him his innocent blood? Who shall repay unto him the price wherewith he bought us, and so be able to take us out of his hand?

"To this sacrament of our redemption thy handmaid had tied her soul fast by the bond of faith. Let none sever her from thy protection; let not the lion or the dragon by force or fraud, interpose himself between thee and her. For she will not answer that she oweth nothing, lest she be disproved and taken by that crafty accuser; but she will answer that her sins are forgiven by him, to whom no creature can repay that which he laid out for us, whilst himself owed nothing. Let her therefore rest in peace together with her husband, before whom and after whom she had no other, and whom she served, bringing forth fruit to thee with patience, that she might also gain him unto thee.

"And inspire, O Lord my God, inspire thy servants, my brethren thy

children, my masters whom with heart and tongue and pen I serve, that whosoever readeth these confessions may at the altar remember thy servant Monica, with Patricius her husband, through whose flesh thou broughtest me into this world, though in what sort I know not. Let them with pious affection remember those who were my parents in this transitory life, who are my brethren under thee, our Father, in our mother the Church Catholic, and are to be also my fellow-citizens in the eternal Jerusalem, whereunto the pilgrimage of thy people doth aspire from their birth unto their return thither; that so what she desired of me in her extremity may be performed unto her in the prayers of many, more abundantly through these my confessions than through my prayers."

Frederick Ozanam

FOUNDER OF THE ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.
BORN 1813—DIED 1853.

By ELEANOR ROGERS COX

France spoke her high, triumphant word
Of brotherhood within thy name
O Ozanam! and still is stirred
Earth's spirit by that heaven-born flame
That kindled in thy youth's quick prime,
Illumed throughout its mortal span
The soul that sought in ways sublime
To serve and save its fellow-man.

To serve and save—to heal and bless,
With every utmost, Christ-like art
To break the fetters that distress
Had forged around the mind and heart.

And Paris, witty, cynic-wise,
Beholding all the wonders wrought
By thy pure faith and sacrifice,
Bowed to the quickening of that thought.

Afar the fire renascent spread—
Man in his suffering brother saw
God's image and so seeing, read
A nobler meaning of His law.

And while earth's splendors fade and fall,
Thy work shall fail not, but shall stand
A fortress on a rock-built wall
By heaven's undying powers manned.

THE SIGN POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGN POST

QUESTIONS
AND
COMMUNICATIONS

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

PEPPERING THE POOR POPE

(1) *When Jesus chose His Apostles He gave them power to heal the sick and to raise the dead. Popes, who are the legitimate successors of St. Peter, have no such power. Please explain.* (2) *Christ told his Apostles that they must suffer for His sake. Unlike the Apostles, however, Popes and Cardinals live like kings. Are they above the Fishermen because they have a better education and more money?* (3) *The Vatican has 15,000 rooms. The Pope could, if he would, sleep every night for forty years in a different room. Is that in conformity with the law of God, Who said to the rich man; "sell what thou hast and give it to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come, follow me"?* (4) *Why are Catholic priests so avaricious?*—T. S., SOMERVILLE, MASS.

(1) The power of working miracles was necessary in the beginning of Christianity in order to demonstrate the truth of the Apostles' message. When Christianity was firmly established this need no longer existed. Miracles are a sign, not for believers, but for unbelievers, says St. Paul. Though the power of working miracles has never been wholly absent from the Church, the need of them is not anywhere near so great now as in the beginning. Nevertheless, it can be said that there are still miracles in our very midst. The perpetuity of the Church in the face of the tremendous forces which have been, and are still, leagued against her, and the fruits of holiness as witnessed in the lives of her Saints, are abiding miracles for men of every age. The office of the Pope is to feed the flock with the unadulterated doctrine of God's words and sacraments, and to repel the attacks of error, not to work miracles.

(2) Because the Pope and some of the Cardinals may live in large houses, or palaces, and have servants in their employ, is no proof that they do not suffer under the cross. Every Pope who has sat on the Chair of Peter has had his share in the Passion of Christ. Read the lives of the last five Popes, and you will begin to appreciate what they suffered.

(3) According to reliable accounts there are about 1,000 rooms in the Vatican,—14,000 less than your estimate. Moreover, all these rooms are not for domestic use. There is a museum of art, a scientific institute, a spacious library, state halls, chapels, etc., included in the Vatican. All these occupy many rooms. Only about 200 rooms are residential apartments. And these accommodate not only the Pope, but also his secretaries and servants, the Swiss Guard, and the papal gendarmes. The Pope has two floors reserved for himself; one is for his private use, and the other for public receptions. As far as we know he has only one bedroom. Why be so stingy with the Pope? The White House has more rooms than the President actually needs. And this is a democratic country, too. What Our Lord said to the young man was a counsel of perfection, and not a command.

(4) We suppose that you mean, "why are *some* priests avaricious"? If some priests are perpetually talking about

money it is usually because the parishioners are too tight with their money. In most cases those who talk most about the avariciousness of priests are they who give least. As professional men, priests receive less than any other body of men. Their salary is less than that of a bricklayer not to mention plumbers; and no class of men is more generous in sharing with others the little they have than our American priests.

PRAYERS FOR POOR SOULS

Are there any special prayers which can be offered for the Poor Souls?—S. P., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The best prayer is the devout attendance at Holy Mass offered up for their sake. Next in excellence is the Way of the Cross. Then the recitation of the Rosary. Nearly every indulged prayer can be said in suffrage for the Poor Souls.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS

To whom should I write for information about becoming a Maryknoll Sister?—N. N.

Write to the Sister Superior, Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Maryknoll, N. Y.

COLLECTIONS AFTER COMMUNION

In our church the collection is taken up immediately after Communion. I think that it is a matter for complaint when one has to open one's pocketbook when the Sacred Host is in one's mouth.—N. N.

The condition may not be ideal. But it is necessary in this country where the support of the Church must come from the contributions of the faithful. Our Lord will not be offended by the slight distraction, provided the communicant tries his best to maintain a spirit of recollection.

NAMES OF ARCHANGELS

Will you kindly give me the names of the seven archangels?—T. S. S., PITTSBURGH, PA.

The names of the "seven who stand before the Lord" (Tob. 12:15), are not all known with certainty. The Church honors only Raphael, Michael and Gabriel. The remaining four, according to some commentators, are Uriel, Sealtiel, Jehudiel and Barachiel.

HELPERS OF THE HOLY SOULS

I am interested in the Helpers of the Holy Souls. Can you give me any information about them, or direct me to the proper authorities?—E. T., ST. PAUL, MINN.

Write to the Sister Superior, The Settlement House, 111 East 85th Street, N. Y.

FOUR UNRELATED QUESTIONS

(1) *Is there any society or club especially dedicated to the Little Flower for young people?* (2) *Is there a saint named Patricia? If so, where can I obtain the story of her life?* (3) *Is it true that Judas hanged himself?* (4) *If one thinks that she is strong enough spiritually, is it a sin to read a certain book?*—N. N.

(1) In the January SIGN (1929), there was a letter from Miss Amedea Bortolotti, Oak Park, Ill., describing a society for young people, which was dedicated to the Little Flower. Write to her for information.

(2) Not as far as we know. Patricia is the feminine form of Patrick. Of course, you know who St. Patrick is.

(3) Yes. Read St. Matthew, 27:5, and Acts 1:18.

(4) One must always obey one's conscience. For further guidance consult your confessor.

VENERABLE: BLESSED: SAINT

Is there any difference between Blessed and Saint, or do they both amount to the same thing?—M. B., MEDFORD, MASS.

In Canon Law these titles are sharply defined. There is a gradation of excellence between the title of Venerable, which is the lowest, to the title of Saint, which is the highest.

After the cause of a Saint's canonization has been introduced, and an authentic decree has been published by the Holy See, certifying that the person in question has practised all the virtues in an heroic degree, or has suffered true martyrdom, the title Venerable can be bestowed on him, without at the same time permitting any public worship to be shown him. The person declared Venerable is afterwards styled Blessed, when by two severely examined miracles worked through his intercession, God confirms the holiness of His servant. The Blessed may be worshipped publicly, but in a restricted manner. His cult is permitted usually in the Order of which he was a member, if a religious, or in the locality where he was known, if a secular. The title Saint is formally bestowed only after two more miracles are performed through the intercession of the Blessed. Then he is solemnly declared a Saint by the Pope, and his cult is permitted throughout the world.

THE TRUE CHURCH

I took a non-Catholic friend to a non-Catholic mission. She thought that she was insulted because the preacher said that the Roman Catholic Church was the only true Church. She said that such a statement was bigotry. I said that such a doctrine was preached before there was a Protestant religion. She claims that I cannot prove that. Will you please tell me how to answer her?—N. N.

The true Church must be apostolic. That is, it must trace its history back in an unbroken line to the Apostles, because only an apostolic church can be the Church which Christ established, and which was never to fall away. The apostolic church is the Catholic Church. The reigning Pope, Pius XI, is the legitimate successor of the first Pope, St. Peter. Since the Church founded on St. Peter could never fall away on account of the divine promises, ("The gates of hell shall not prevail against it"; "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world"; "The Holy Spirit will abide with you forever") it follows that the Church united to and dependent on Pius XI is the true Church established by Christ. There can be only one true Church as there can be only one true God. Whatever of truth there is in Protestantism is to be found in the Catholic Church, for she is "the pillar and the ground of

truth." She possesses the complete revelation of God. To proclaim this is not bigotry but to state a simple fact.

Your friend must be prepared to receive this truth. Get her "The Faith of Our Fathers," by Cardinal Gibbons, and ask her to read it with an open and prayerful mind.

THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

(1) *Do the Passionists send lay Brothers to China, or only priests? I think that it would be interesting to hear what the Brothers are doing, if there are any there.* (2) *Where are Passionist week-end retreats held?* (3) *What is the usual donation given at these retreats?*—E. J. D., NEW YORK, N. Y.

(1) Until a few months ago there was one Passionist lay Brother in our mission in China. His name was Brother Lambert. Several of his letters have appeared in the pages of THE SIGN. He was intrusted with the building of many of the mission churches there.

(2) Week-end retreats are held in the Passionist monasteries in Brighton, Mass.; West Springfield, Mass.; Scranton, Pa.; Jamaica, L. I.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; and Dunkirk, N. Y., about every two weeks.

(3) It is expected that the donation will at least cover the cost of meals and lodging.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE ON SCRUPLES

In "The Way of Interior Peace" by Father De Lehen, S.J., there are references to a "Treatise on Discouragement" by Father Michel, S. J., and also to a "Treatise on Christian Hope," by Father Gaud, S. J. Could you tell me if these books can be procured?—H. S., CROFTON, PA.

They are not listed in any of our catalogs. Write to Benziger Brothers, 36 Barclay Street, New York City, for information.

CATHOLIC BOYS' CAMP

Can you give me names of Catholic Boys' camps in the United States and surrounding countries?—B. S., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

You will find a list of such camps in nearly every Catholic magazine and newspaper. Get a copy of *America* and the *Catholic News*; also your own diocesan paper.

THE JESUITS

Where may I obtain information about joining the Jesuits?—J. M., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Write to the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial, 30 West 16th Street, New York, N. Y.

LITURGY: HOLY COMMUNION

(1) *Under April 1st I found this note in my Mass book: "April 1, no feast assigned. In Lent or Easterweek the Masses are of the days in season." Will you kindly explain that?* (2) *Are we permitted to rinse our mouths and brush our teeth before receiving Holy Communion?*—V. M., WASHINGTON, D. C.

(1) Some feasts are of the first class, or highest order, and they are celebrated with an octave. Feasts like Pentecost and Easter are of the highest rank and each day of the octave the Mass and office are said as on the day of the feast, because octaves of the first class take precedence over every other feast. April 1st of this year was the feast day of St. Francis of Paul. As it fell within the octave of Easter the office and Mass of the saint was omitted and that of Easter celebrated instead.

(2) Yes, provided you are careful not to swallow any water.

CHURCHING OF WOMEN

Would you please give an explanation of the churching of women?—C. K. G., DORCHESTER, MASS.

The churching of women, which is called "The Blessing of Women after Childbirth" in the ritual, is a ceremony by which mothers publicly express their gratitude to God for their safe delivery. In imitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who submitted to the rite of purification after the birth of Christ, Catholic women from the early ages of the Church abstained for some time from attending divine service after having given birth to children. When they did resume attendance at church they offered public thanks for their deliverance and were blessed by the priest, who prayed for the salvation of the mother and her child. The ceremony of churching has always been reserved for women who entered into honorable motherhood. It is not of obligation. An offering is usually made in imitation of the Blessed Virgin who presented two turtle doves at her purification in the Temple.

CATHOLICS NOT FORBIDDEN TO READ BIBLE

I understand from my reading that Catholics are not supposed to read the Bible. While reading—I noticed where one of the characters, a devout Catholic, read the Bible. I have often been asked by Protestants why Catholics are not allowed to read the Scriptures, and I would like information in order to answer.—G. G., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The charge that Catholics are forbidden to read the Bible is one of the false accusations handed down by Protestant tradition. It is not true. No scholar with any pretensions to accurate knowledge reiterates such an accusation. The Church forbids Catholics to read incomplete, heretical and erroneous Bibles—not the true and complete Bible. Bishops and Popes have exhorted, in season and out of season, the faithful to read and meditate on God's inspired word. There is an indulgence of 300 days for reading the Gospels for at least fifteen minutes daily.

LIMBO

(1) Will you please let me know where in the Protestant Bible I can find the passage describing Christ's descent into Limbo, while His body was in the Holy Sepulchre? (2) Would you please explain for the benefit of a non-Catholic friend why the state of Limbo was necessary, and why the souls of the faithful who died prior to the death of Christ were detained in Limbo?—I. P. McL., BALTIMORE, Md.

(1) Read the first Epistles of St. Peter, chapter 3, verses 18 to 20.

(2) Heaven was closed by the sin of Adam and not opened until the death of Christ, Who as the God-man was the first to enter that blessed abode at the head of the army of the Just who had died before. St. Paul calls Christ "the first fruits of them who sleep." (I Cor. 15:20.) It was fitting that Christ should be the first to enter into Heaven, since it was through His vicarious satisfaction that the Just of both the Old and the New Testament were redeemed.

A PRIEST-POET

Was an American priest-poet ever found dead at his desk, with a poem on Death or Eternity, or some kindred subject still before him? If so, would you please give me his name and the date of his birth and his death, as well as the words of the poem, or at least information as to where I can obtain a copy of the poem?—E. C. H., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

We regret that we cannot assist you. Perhaps someone among our readers can supply you with this information.

MARRIAGE AN IMPEDIMENT TO THE PRIESTHOOD AND RELIGIOUS LIFE

(1) Can a married man become a priest, and his wife still remain in the world? If she doesn't enter the convent, must she leave the country?—P. M., NEW YORK, N. Y. (2) I have been separated from my wife for about fourteen years. Would I be allowed to enter a religious society?—N. C. W.

Canon law forbids the admission of married men to Sacred Orders, and to the Religious State, as long as their wives are still living. This law is very rarely dispensed. When it is, the Holy See, which alone can dispense in it, lays down the conditions to be fulfilled.

A CHARMING (!) PRAYER

Will you kindly inform me if the enclosed prayer has any value? It is entitled "The Imitation of the Cross." It guarantees protection from disease, etc., and threatens all those who condemn it, etc., and promises deliverance from epilepsy, etc.—A. D.

Please throw it into the fire.

GENERAL THANKSGIVING

Since subscribing to THE SIGN I have been greatly interested in the accounts of the Chinese missions. I was deeply grieved on account of the untimely death of those three young priests. I have received a favor through their intercession. I made a novena to the Sacred Heart, and one to them at the same time, and I received what I had prayed for.—M. D. W., SALEM, MASS.

Thanksgiving are also offered to The Little Flower, The Blessed Virgin, The Sacred Heart, and St. Jude, by W. A. S., Philadelphia, Pa.; C. T. W., Philadelphia, Pa.; B. S., Cal.; T. McD., New York, N. Y.; E. H., Jersey City, N. J.; L. R. S., Chicago, Ill.

THANKSGIVING TO ST. JUDE

The following wish to make public acknowledgment of their thanksgiving to St. Jude: C. S., DUNLO, PA.; A. M. P., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; G. M., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; A. S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; R. R. J., SAN JOSE, CAL.; M. McD., CHICAGO, ILL.; E. T. F., FOREST HILLS, MASS.; J. F. B., DEDHAM, MASS.; J. M. T., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; E. W., NEW YORK, N. Y.; J. W., ORANGE, N. J.; W. S. A., NEW YORK, N. Y.; B. S., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.; K. O. R., SCHENECTADY, N. Y.; M. J. J., PORT CHESTER, N. Y.; L. E. B., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.; J. A. M., DORCHESTER, MASS.; M. A. B., DORCHESTER, MASS.; M. G. F., CLARKSBURG, W. VA.; J. N. T., SARANAC LAKE, N. Y.; J. A. M., NEWTON CENTER, MSAS.; H. D. B., HAVERHILL, MASS.; M. H., NEW YORK, N. Y.; F. A. W., W. PHILADELPHIA, PA.; S. M. D., PEEKSKILL, N. Y.; L. E., MOUNTAIN VIEW; J. S., DORCHESTER, MASS.; M. M., BRIGHTON, MASS.; A. A. O'S., BROOKLINE, MASS.; M. L., PITTSBURGH, PA.; T. J. P., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; L. C., UNION CITY, N. J.; B. McL., ST. LOUIS, MO.; A. F. G., —————; M. M., DUNKIRK, N. Y.; W. G. R., BOSTON, MASS.; V. F., NEWARK, N. J.; M. F. C., CLOSTER, N. J.; C. C., NEW YORK, N. Y.; C. C., PORT ARTHUR, ONT.; E. D. W., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.; G. F., SOMERVILLE, MASS.; D. F., ELIZABETH, N. J.; W. H. W., SHARON, PA.; J. T. G., PITTSBURGH, PA.; C. J. K., BRIGHTON, MASS.; E. A. A., EVERETT, MASS.; R. V., CINCINNATI, OHIO; R. D. G., BRONX, N. Y.; H. L., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Communications

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In reading "The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature" by George N. Shuster (1922), chapter entitled "Adventures of a Journalist: G. K. Chesterton", I was surprised to note the following.

On page 232—"There is really only one strange thing in his honourable career. The fact that while he is a Catholic in every part of his philosophy, he is actually a member of the Anglican Church."

And on page 237—"One of the strangest things about 'Orthodoxy' is the fact that its case for dogma hinges on the acceptance of the Papal Supremacy, which Chesterton has not in practice accepted."

I had always believed that G. K. Chesterton was a Roman Catholic in every sense of the word. Can you tell me if the above statements are correct?

BOSTON, MASS.

M. R. HURLEY.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Gilbert Keith Chesterton was received into the Church in 1922, just about the time that Mr. Shuster's book was being set up or published.

FOR THE FAITH

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The difficult problem of religious education of Catholic Laity seems, so far, to have been rather neglected. It is hard to admit but true that very few Catholics have more than a rudimentary knowledge of their religion—its doctrines—history and laws. (The Editor of the Sign-Post, I am sure will agree with me on this point—judging from some of the letters he has to answer.) Some will counter with the hollow-sounding argument that for that matter our Protestant brethren know even less about their religions—but one might ask, since when did Catholics adopt Protestant failings as ideals? Certainly, we should be the leaders for them to follow and not be the followers.

The basic cause of all this ignorance of faith, on the part of Catholics, is the fact that with the greater majority their entire religious knowledge is summed up in what they can remember of their brief elementary school catechism. They are equipped for life's struggles in almost every way, in the sense that they have acquired a plentiful knowledge of the material things of life, but what is most important, knowledge of God and of His Church—is utterly neglected; and it must be said not entirely through their own fault. The Church has made no provision for their further religious education. True, we have Catholic High Schools and Colleges, but these are few in number.

Of the Catholics either attending Parochial school or Sunday School, a good many are forced by circumstances to end their education on graduation from elementary school. This forms one group of Catholics with very scant religious knowledge.

Of the number attending high schools, a large number are kept away because the schools being few in number are overfilled or because financial circumstances do not permit. Those fortunate enough to attend receive a splendidly balanced education and emerge far better equiped in religious knowledge—while their more unfortunate fellows were absorbing all sorts of Anti-Catholic and Anti-Religious propaganda, which if it does not entirely break down their faith leaves it in a greatly weakened state. And again, we have another class of Catholics with but little knowledge of their Church but worse off than the first group inasmuch as they have become acquainted with the arguments of the enemies of the Church and in most cases have made no attempt to seek refutations from proper authorities.

Of these, a greatly reduced number enter college. Only a few, comparatively, are able to attend the Catholic Colleges, because of scarcity of these institutions or because some branches of higher education cannot be followed except by attendance at some non-Catholic College or University. The graduate of the Catholic College receives a good education plus a thorough knowledge of Catholic Philosophy and an advanced Apologetical training. How can anyone really KNOW the Church without knowing its Philosophy? How can anyone logically refute Anti-Church arguments, unless, he bases his refutations on that Philosophy.

As to the other group, which for various reasons has gone to the non-Catholic institutions, they come into almost daily contact with subtle influences which seek to undermine their faith in the Church. False Philosophies, biased histories, pseudo-scientific theories given out in large doses as facts, "intelligentsia" groups of Atheistic leanings (e.g. Society of the Damned Souls of Dartmouth and similar groups in every college in the country) who would have us rationalize everything except themselves and their theories; all these influences are at work on the student. And here we have the third group—educated in everything but religion—with a lop-sided education and forming perhaps the weakest of all three groups in respect to faith.

What the ultimate solution may be it is difficult to say. Perhaps the Sunday School idea may be expanded into caring for the further religious training of students not attending Catholic High Schools. For the adults probably a systematized series of lectures based on a regular course of study and supplemented by authoritative books to be used in connection with them. Such lectures do not involve impossibility for we have witnessed the crowded attendances of the K. of C. talks regarding Church and State during the Smith Campaign. Facilities might be provided so that mature students who desire to study Catholic Philosophy may attend special night courses at Catholic institutions.

I seek only to point out a very unstable condition, in the hope that perhaps such an influential organ as the Sign will agitate for a solution and focus the attention of the great minds of the Church to this important problem.

WILKES BARRE, PA.

H. L. MAGGIOLO.

COMMUNISM A WORLD POWER

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Many enlightening answers you give to your readers in the columns of your Signpost. I read them with interest.

Would you kindly throw some more light on the following in THE SIGN for August on page 50, in the review of "The Reign of Christ" "After an experiment of ten years blood-red Russia takes on a shade of pink. Communism proves to be something of a colossal botch. As a theory of government it is, if anything, illogical; but the Average Man was never famous for his logic. This latter fact explains, in all publicity, why Communism *today is a world power*." Communism being "a world power" is not quite clear to me.

WILKES BARRE, PA.

P. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Our application of the term "world power" to Communism means that Communism controls and dominates Russia, one of the largest countries in the world.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that THE SIGN has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10 cents each or 15 for \$1.00.

The Mission of the Catholic College

TO DEVELOP THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL

IN THIS discourse I shall refrain from defining the Catholic college, because I feel that a brief definition of it cannot be given with exactness. I hope, nevertheless, to make clear what I mean by a Catholic college. Again, I shall refuse to consider things that I do not conceive to be a part of its primary mission.

What, then, is the mission of the Catholic college? I answer: To be a reservoir and a dispensary of enlightened Catholicism and ennobled humanism; or, in other words, to train youth to become—to grow to be—as nearly as possible ideally Catholic, ideally human and ideally patriotic. These things are so interwoven that growth in them cannot be successive but must be simultaneous. It should really suffice to say “ideally Catholic”; for ideal Catholicism and ideal humanity are interdependent, while ideal patriotism is of both a corollary. However, for the sake of amplification and exposition, which are auxiliaries to clarity, I shall treat in sequence of the Catholicism, the humanity and the patriotism which it is the mission of the Catholic college to conserve, to impart and to foster.

“Seek ye first the Kingdom of God.” In the sense of this commanding counsel, a Catholic must be Catholic above all else. Accordingly, it is the foremost task of our lower schools to teach the elements of religion and the plain duties of Christian life. The principal task of the college is to confirm and amplify, to rationalize and vitalize the basic truths of religion learned before. With liberal schooling come wider intellectual wants and larger spiritual responsibilities. Unreasoning faith does not satisfy; there must be reasoned belief. Instead of negative assent, of passive adherence to a prescribed plan of life, there must be a positive personal purpose, a definitely formulated and actively applied philosophy. At the risk of inviting the accusation that I disparage pure piety and propagate a sort of pious rationalism I shall state my conviction that most of the collapses of college men in adult life are due

By CHARLES N. LISCHKA

to the fact that religion was never presented to their minds in college as the finest and loftiest object of inquiry. It is only profound religious sense coupled with thorough religious understanding—faith and knowledge of faith combined—that can steady and sustain a liberally schooled man amid the tantalizing temptations and terrible trials of modern life. Only by constant cultivation of the faith of the child as well as the religious reason of the man in himself can he accumulate sufficient spiritual energy to resist the ceaseless assaults upon his heart and mind—only thus can he develop that sturdiness, that strength in reserve, that ultimate stability which will enable him to rally after reverses apparently ruinous.

Faith, knowledge of faith, and practice of faith; will power, character, morals; living and moving and having one's being in God, consciously and consistently—these are first and noblest among the things that elevate man above the brute. For without religion, without a sense of moral responsibility, without a sane philosophy of life, man does not in effect differ much from the brute. He lives, he grows, he multiplies; and so does the brute. He struggles for survival, for safety, for supremacy; and so does the brute. Power for him is justice; and so it is for the brute. He is uncertain and unconcerned about his final fate; and so is the brute. He dies without fear and without hope; and so does the brute.

Next to intensive training in religious doctrine itself, the best means of fortifying the faith and increasing the humanity of the young is intensive training in Catholic philosophy. The aim in teaching philosophy should be to inculcate upon the youthful intellect an incurable curiosity, and to equip it for the pursuit, the recognition and the acceptance of truth. If the aim of informing the maturing mind with the philosophic attitude is not accomplished in college, it is due to the dreary drudgery

of meaningless memorization and the moral misery inflicted by dreadful “driving.” Scholastic philosophy is not something abstract, not something medieval, not something foreign. It is something to be taught and studied in the light of the facts of life, the fields of action, the fallacies of thought in surrounding society.

American society is lax and skeptical; it needs faith and discipline. It is materialistic; it needs spiritualism. It is confused and distracted; it needs lucidity and concentration. It is beset by speed; it needs deliberation. It is gregarious and noisome; it needs silence and solitude. It is selfish; it needs charity. It is careless and rebellious; it needs conscience and authority. It is largely Godless; it needs full recognition of the Government of God. It is the mission of the Catholic college, more than of any other single institution, to supply these things that American society is wanting. It will supply them through men of faith and philosophy, of character and learning—men who are “full-stealed to tread the world,” undismayed by doubt, ready to wrestle with error, prone to profit only by the triumph of truth; whose hearts’ hopes are not bound to the petty and perishable things of time; who do not permit pretty sophistries to pervert the operation of their minds, nor alluring passions to confound the function of their wills; who never surrender permanent principles for the sake of passing policies; and who are willing to serve and sacrifice—for the glory of God and the salvation of man.

ISAY it is the mission of the Catholic college to be a dispensary of ennobled humanism. It largely fulfills that mission, as I attempted to show, when it trains the intellect and will of the young by teaching the tenets of true religion and the principles of sane philosophy. It further fulfills that mission by enabling the youth to acquire an understanding and a love of the best thought, the best aspiration, the best achievement of the human race. This is done by the teaching and study of the ancient

and modern classics, of history, of government, of sociology and of economics.

WITHOUT a particle of apology for what will seem reactionary to some Catholics, I shall say an insistent word about the perennial importance of the Greek and Latin humanities. These are one of the main sources of all Western civilization. They have been the school of mankind for twenty centuries. What is there—excepting the truths of Christianity and all that sprang from them—what is there great and lasting in literature and art, in philosophy and government that is not an imitation of the ancients, sometimes perhaps a perfect imitation, yet only an imitation? What a record the Greeks made for all time in poetry, in athletics, in architecture, in history, in the drama, in eloquence, in philosophy, in civic enlightenment! What a record the Romans made for all time in institutionalizing the ideals and dreams of the Greeks, in empire building, in daring deeds, in discipline, in patriotic pride, in government, in jurisprudence, in oratory! What examples, what models, what masters! Is anything more essential, has anything more potent implications in human life and endeavor than language? Yet to this day no race has spoken as these ancients speak—with such clarity and purity, with such simplicity and significance, with such directness and dignity. And as they speak, so they thought. And they acted with plan and purpose, with seriousness, with good sense, with sanity. Let our youth, then, learn these things from the classics. Let it learn to think and speak aright and well. Let it learn to do things in order and harmony, with temperance and taste. Let it learn penetration, perspective, proportion. Let our youth learn these things, and we shall cease to have poetic preachers and preaching poets, political pedagogues and pedagogical politicians, artistic philosophers and speculating artists, theological scientists and scientific novelists, romantic historians and joking jurists, commercial statesmen and moralizing industrialists.

Next to the ancient classics, which are next to religion and philosophy, the modern classics are among the most effective instruments of humanizing man. They, too, clear the mind of confusion. They, too, soften the heart and refine the spirit. They,

too, teach vision, and sympathy, and wisdom. Fuse Christianity undefiled into classicism, and you have ideal training. The classical spirit combined with the spirit of Catholicism is the spirit of reason clear and free, of beauty and truth in all manifestations of thought, of right and justice in social action—the spirit of the highest humanity.

When I commence to speak of history—and I propose to speak of Occidental history since the coming of Christ—I cannot but refer again to Rome. About the time of the advent of Christianity, Rome had reached the climax of her glory. She had adopted and applied the achievements of the past. She represented the maturity of the mission of the ancient world. Her legions, her laws and her language united the most distant regions and the most different tribes. Her rule was a fashioning force that pervaded the inmost recesses of the souls of the nations. The provinces were the Empire, and the Empire was Rome. And Rome was Europe. And Europe remained Roman; for that world-pervading and world-controlling force did not cease to exist with the external dissolution of the Empire, but was preserved and directed by the Church. The language, and the laws, and the universal vision survived; and the spirit of the legions and their leaders was found surpassed in the spirit of the hosts of conquering monks and empire building bishops. Europe, still Roman, became Catholic, became the Church. And so, as Mr. Belloc has powerfully pointed out, you cannot separate European civilization from Roman civilization, and you cannot separate Catholic civilization from all Western civilization.

Throughout the whole course of the history of the West there has not been a movement with any magnitude of meaning that has not had a Catholic cause, a Catholic effect, a Catholic aspect. There is a not uncommon attitude in America which regards Rome and the Middle Ages and even the post-Reformation centuries as dead, and considers the current era as self-sufficient, as the sole thing that seriously matters to modern man. It is the mission of the Catholic college to correct this attitude by teaching the unity and continuity of history, with constant emphasis on the neglected Catholic aspect.

Among the primary studies in humanistic education, as I conceive

it, I mentioned government, sociology and economics. These studies, in a broad sense, really come, or ought to come in a Catholic college, under philosophy and history. In philosophy enough is done in this regard if the student learns for life the great doctrines on authority and justice, and the universal and invariable fundamental principles that should determine and govern the spheres of the family, the Church and the State. From history the student should learn the thought and experience of the past in the field of state-craft, and particularly should he learn how far the roots of the present organism of mankind reach into vital sources of old.

I anticipate the objection that my plan of college education seems to exclude the natural sciences. It does not. I merely do not conceive it to be a part of the primary mission of the Catholic college to teach the natural sciences. I entertain no fear for the well-rounded culture of my humanistic student; he will take an interest in *omni scibili*. My plan, however, does exclude specialized scientific subjects, which should be taught in special schools. My plan, furthermore, precludes the potpourri of those subjects which are provided simply because someone claiming a title to a college education may fancy to demand them. Whatever is or may be true of secular and sectarian college education—Catholic higher education is not a right but a privilege, not a duty owed to the indiscriminate many but a distinction due to the few select.

HWORD about patriotism, and I shall close. I said at the outset that patriotism was a corollary of Catholicism and humanism. The man schooled in the school of Catholicism and humanism will see his place in the scheme of the world. He will recognize the relation between himself and his Creator on the one hand, and himself and his fellow men on the other. He will be conscious of dependence and obligation. He will be aware of the stewardship of the totality of his talents. He will deem it his duty to develop all his finest faculties to the fullest possible power, and use them for the glory of God, for the benefit of his country, for his own and his fellow man's happiness. He will champion truth and challenge error. He will prompt the upward progress of his

community. He will teach the ignorant, raise the oppressed, relieve the suffering, and save the innocent. He will advocate and endeavor to establish justice in government, honesty in business, charity in all dealings. God alone he will seek for His own exclusive sake. All other things—health, wealth, honor, beauty, intellectual excellence, truth, virtue itself—he will seek only in order to propagate them and by them lift his fellow men to ever higher levels. What is that, if not patriotism?

In sum and effect, what is the main mission of the Catholic college in America today? It is to produce

strong and aggressive leaders, trained in truth, firm in faith, vigorous in virtue; who will strive for the prevalence of Catholic principle, the dominance of Catholic doctrine, the supremacy of the Catholic spirit; who will mould the mind of the masses and give direction to the course of the country's civilization; who will never be captivated by the plausibility or swayed by the insidiousness of error; who will be resolutely committed to ruthless war upon wrong; who in a cause of Catholic right will never temporize and procrastinate, never placate and apologize, never conciliate and compromise. Cathol-

icism is essentially militant. Such is its genius, such its tradition, such its destined task. Christ himself was a Crusader. St. Paul was no pacifist. St. Thomas was not tolerantly taciturn in any contest. Loyola was lion-hearted, not only on the parapets of Pampeluna but more so on the ramparts of Rome. Newman, even as a neophyte, was never a negotiator. And in our own day such lay leaders as Chesterton and Belloc are ever boldly seeking battle. Thus has been established and thus will be maintained and extended the reign of Christ, which is the fulfillment of the Will of God.

Naomi Constant Black

A LOW-CHURCH WOMAN IN CATHOLIC SURROUNDINGS

SHE EXISTS amongst my earliest memories, and during all the years I have known her, she presents a changeless aspect.

She is little and plain and very neat. She moves quickly. Her grey hair is tightly and artificially curled; and she wears large gold-rimmed spectacles through which her brown eyes peer shyly but trustfully. Her name is Naomi Constant Black.

I must have been about five years old when I first became aware of her existence. In those days we used to make frequent visits to my maternal grandfather, an Irish linen merchant settled in a Yorkshire manufacturing town. Naomi was living in the same town as companion to an elderly and childless widow, a certain Mrs. Mitchell who was my many-times-removed cousin; and it was always understood that, soon after my arrival in Yorkshire, I was to be carried off by Mrs. Mitchell for a visit of indefinite length, that she and Naomi might be cheered by my loquacity and inconsequence.

It is strange to me now that I was happy in that grave house, with two staid women as sole companions and playmates; yet I know that life there was full of joy to me. I lived, so it seemed to me, in a vast domain, where grey stone buildings were surrounded by a sunny garden in which grew delicious flowers and fruit. Beyond these was a paddock,

By AILEEN MARY CLEGG

empty when I knew it, but formerly occupied by a pony, whose qualities and exploits, recounted tersely by Naomi, were a never-ending source of interest to me.

Within, the house was dark, but its darkness never depressed me. The drawing-room was little used. Its stiff chintz curtains are always drawn in my memories, and I must tinkle the lustres in the half-light, and guess at the bloom on the wax fruits. The dining-room I ignored as far as might be. It was too full of mahogany and horsehair to make a good playroom, and romance was dead for me there. The bedrooms, too, were remote from life. Their still mirrors might reflect, the damask hangings of their canopied beds conceal, a spectre in Dundreary whiskers lurking to leap out on me, the living replica of the portrait of Mr. Mitchell in the dining-room. So I spent most of my time in the kitchen, sitting on a little patchwork mat at the open door, watching the sunlight move across the garden loveliness, or chattering away to my cousin and Naomi as if we were all of an age. And I have never doubted that we understood one another completely.

Nowadays I wonder how and when the necessary housework was done. I, who spent so much time in the kitchen, must have seen other

servants at work. Yet my mind refuses to supply any form to fulfill all the household needs save that of Naomi Constant Black. I refuse to believe that it was she, and only she, who polished all that wine-dark mahogany, kept the lustres and the silver and the old brass candlesticks so bright, gathered the ripe plums in season from the hot south wall, and spread the garden paths evenly with little white marble chips. The problem is the more acute in that I cannot visualize Naomi in any dress suggestive of violent housework. Sometimes she wore a print cap as she sat by the fire and knitted; but the mob-cap was merely the unexpected climax to a most respectable flat black dress, which is evidently no uniform for turning out a room; and no amount of rocking and knitting will serve a meal to a hungry child. I do know that one of her duties was to brush my cousin's hair, for I spent rapt hours, morning and evening watching the process. It was wonderful hair. Though Mrs. Mitchell was over sixty, her dark brown hair—once the plaits unloosened—fell in tight ripples to her knees and surrounded her like a cloak. And I am sure now that, even at her age, when you would have thought her past vanity, she was happy to have me standing there staring at her, a small but honest tribute to a beauty which had remained to her unfaded. And

I know that Naomi took a shining pride in her task.

For a space they both disappear from my memory. Mrs. Mitchell suffered from gout and removed to Harrogate. My holidays were passed in the sterner air of grand-parental discipline. When I was ten years old, however, a four-wheeler drove up to the door of our house in London, and out of it stepped Naomi—Naomi dressed completely in black, save for her long gold watch-chain and little gold brooch—a white and thin Naomi indeed. Mrs. Mitchell was dead, and she had come to stay with us to rest before she looked for another "companionship." But she was so lovable, and she made herself so useful, that she did not go away again for over twenty-five years.

How shall I recount what that good soul has done, and has been for us?

She knitted our socks, she replaced our flying buttons, she made us "goodies," she shielded us from punishment, she was our wise friend during difficult years of growth. I am glad to think that she in her turn probably gained something. My mother was young and vigorous of mind, and she gave to Naomi a youth she had never before known. . . .

I learned now, that when Naomi was my own age of only ten years, her mother had died, leaving her mistress of her father's house, and foster-mother of a long family which ended up with a newly-born baby. Naomi dauntlessly set to, however, and had soon taught herself to cook and to bake. She clothed and fed the children, she did the washing and starching and ironing for the whole family, she was her father's counsellor. He, poor man, could give her little help, for he had to clatter off to the mill in his clogs before it was light, and he clattered back home again after dark on most days of the year. So Naomi had to carry buckets of coal and water as best she could. It was little wonder that, by the time the family was set on its feet, Naomi's youth had been wrung from her.

She grew a little plumper with us, and began to wear hats instead of toques, and tailor-made coats and skirts in place of the flat-chested dresses and circular capes of Mrs. Mitchell's day. She knitted for us now, as I have said, and baked for us too. Oh! the sight of Naomi

with her sleeves rolled up beyond the elbow and a dash of flour on her cheek, her firm fingers making rapid patterns 'round the pie-crusts; and oh! the scent of hot home-made loaves filling the house with fragrance. How shall we thank thee, Naomi, for these?

The years flew away—or so they fly as I look back at them. Actually, to impatient youth, they moved perhaps on tardier wing. Yet they brought at last the terrible and inevitable day—we children were within call of manhood and womanhood—when my father fell ill, never to recover. I became his nurse, but Naomi was always near. She reminded me sometimes of a faithful dog. Her brown eyes were distressed as a spaniel's which can neither understand, nor acquiesce in, another's pain. When my father died, our parish priest found her in the dining-room, weeping silently, her head on her arms. He was a Jesuit, and he knew her inborn, Low-Church fear of his Order. But he said what he could to comfort her, and she said stoutly to me later, "I believe I could go to confession to Father Rick myself."

My Irish grandfather had died, too, a few weeks earlier, and my mother decided to look after the linen warehouse, until my brother should be old enough to manage it for himself. Naomi moved to Yorkshire with the family and I was left in London. But now the war intervened, and our lives diverged from the courses that had been planned for them. Anxiety for my brother's safety and business worries, coupled with life in a climate that had never suited her, sapped my mother's strength; and it became slowly but surely clear that my brother in the trenches at Ypres was the more likely to survive. Naomi shouldered the weight of the responsibility valiantly, just as she had done in childhood for her own people. It was she who comforted my mother and who nursed her, she who was manager at the linen warehouse, she who took charge of the household in its remotest details. It included a raw young orphan whom we were training as a housemaid, and whom Naomi outrageously spoiled, and she contrived to make acres of thinnest apple and jam pasties, which she despatched in shoe-boxes weekly to my brother at the Front. Their fragile succulence became legendary along the

line of defense. The shoe-boxes were intercepted, "had accidents to them" or were shamelessly stolen.

WHEN my mother died, Naomi was so much head of the family that only one duty was added to the rest—she took over my mother's charities. I myself had been unaware of many of them, nor had I suspected their extent, but my mother had confided them to her; and so I came about that Low-Church Protestant Naomi "district-visited" among the Irish Catholic poor with immense success. I think no one suspected how really resistant she was to Catholicism, so simply, for the sake of the work in hand, had she wrapped herself up in my mother's mantle. Yet strange, that Yorkshire tenacity of resistance! For in all those twenty-five years when she was an intimate member of our household, I know she went only once to a service in a church of her own faith, and she appeared perfectly at her ease in Catholic surroundings. She was, however, entirely ineffectual in controversy. It is for this reason, perhaps, that, beyond that stride made when she ceased to fear the Jesuits, not one single visible step has she taken along the road to conversion. Or have we children of her adoption not sufficiently edified her? If that be the case, may God have mercy upon our souls.

Naomi remained head of the family until the last of us was married, the property distributed and the family house sold. Then she rested again, but not for very long. She now searches for old ladies who want looking after. She makes herself their hands and feet and ears and eyes and brain. The more helpless the old lady, the more satisfied is Naomi. Yet with all her generosity of soul she is unhappy, a living disproof of the atheist teaching that man has merely to love his fellow-creatures to find complete bliss on earth. Her soul is a fair house founded on sand. She regards with envy the towering palaces—nay, even the humblest cottage—which Catholics build with such assurance on the rock of Peter.

Pray that Naomi's angel may prevail on her to summon the nearest Jesuit, and to make that tardy submission before she must show her account in the latter day. Surely she will not then need to fear the judgments of God.

A Crucifix Aboard

AN ADVENTURE OF LITTLE MISS JOHNSON

SHE HAD had little peace ever since her surprisingly unaged eyes saw that fairly big crucifix, its black and white reliefs sharply etched against the lintel of a deck cabin door on board "The Conquistador." The steamer no longer flew the flag of a South-American republic under which she first came into the Petrograd port. Her appearance was neglected. Her decks, rigging and two funnels, were thickly coated with grease, soot and ordinary mud. No one seemed to live aboard, though, whenever Miss Johnson hurried past, along the Nicholas Quay, she caught sight of innumerable dock hands scattered all over the steamer. They were there, but they never appeared busy. This state of affairs was quite common in Petrograd after 1917.

But, Miss Johnson—plain, shabby, timid and sixty—did not worry much about the steamer, which was probably requisitioned by the Soviet and would in due time be disposed of as the authorities saw fit. Even to the nautically untrained eye of old Miss Johnson, it seemed quite obvious that the steamer was no longer seaworthy. No overhauling would make her that again. Yet there was that black and white crucifix, doubtless an erstwhile possession of some Catholic skipper, the crucifix which hung unheeded, nailed to the lintel of the deck cabin door. And the crucifix and its probable future fate worried Miss Johnson.

Every time she started for the Nicholas Quay en route for the market on the other side of the river, her timid heart would pray for more courage, so that she might brave the dock hands, cross the perilously perched gangway, un nail the crucifix and carry it home to cherish it as one of her most precious possessions. And every morning her feet would falter and her wrinkled face flush and she knew that courage was not in her.

"Coward, coward!" she would whisper, after a wistful glance at the deck cabin door. "Why, as soon as they notice it,—and have they not noticed it already?—for all I know, they'd tear it off and fling it into the

By E. M. ALMEDINGEN

river, poor unbelievers that they all are, and I—a Catholic—can't even do thus much for Our Lord." So, shamed by her timidity, old Miss Johnson would hurry across the bridge, her mind making yet another resolution for the next morning.

Poor old Miss Johnson, plodding from her miserable little barely furnished attic of a home, a shrunken figure, bent shouldered and halting, her huge, hopelessly dated hat a bit awry, strands of yellowish-grey hair protruding here and there and everywhere, her dark green coat carefully safety-pinned for lack of buttons, her unwieldy shoes squelching in the liquid brown mud under her feet, her woolen-gloved hands clutching at the awkwardly tied bundle of homogeneous oddments she would now and again manage to sell at the one and only market in St. Petersburg. But her blue eyes were unfaded and her mouth hid courage and good cheer—until the day when she first saw the crucifix, and all peace left her.

Miss Johnson's was a sad case. Her father, an engineer from Illinois, had come out to Russia to find work and success. The former came to him almost at once. The latter proved obstinate. He died—an apparent failure, leaving his lovely Russian wife a very young widow and his orphan a baby orphan. Miss Johnson's mother decided to stay on in her own country. Miss Johnson grew up in Petrograd, little really American about her, except her name. But Michael Johnson had seen to it that his daughter was baptized in his own Faith.

There had been a little governessing, a little teaching of English. Her mother had died when she was barely grown up. Her life had been largely uneventful. She had trudged through her youth and her middle age, doing many services which were appreciated by few. Even the Revolution did not altogether shatter her. Things hurt. So many of them. And—an unimportant, pallid, individual though she was—she found that the hardships of this surprisingly changed

life were directly disproportionate to one's own unimportance. She did not mind, and went on making what living she could by bartering and selling.

But that crucifix made her more than unhappy. She had already witnessed many an ugly scene of religious desecration. Saw altars profaned and churches turned to shocking purposes. Heard many a disconnected rumor about religious persecution waxing rampant in the country. These things had hurt and bewildered her, but none of them had actually entered into her own life. No church in Petrograd had yet been interfered with. And then that derelict South-American steamer came to be anchored in the Petrograd port and the lonely crucifix reproached Miss Johnson every time she hurried past the gangway.

"The men on board will probably desecrate Me before very long," the Figure seemed to say to her. "They have nothing but hate for Me! They will tear Me off—will trample Me under their feet—they have done it in so many other places—they will break My Cross and throw it into the water. Can't you—who, as I know, are a lover of Mine—do something? What should you be afraid of? I shall be near you, but don't let My Cross be desecrated."

And little Miss Johnson, trembling, would hurry past, aware that her timidity was just too much for her. "I can't—how can I? How can I go past these men and get the crucifix? They might—" she shuddered—"Why, they might throw me into the river for interfering with them! Oh, I can't." Yet all in her knew she would have to do it some day.

ONE FOGGY October morning, she noticed a group of dock hands crowded round the gangway. Quickly she glanced up. The fog had lifted a little. The crucifix still hung there. She heard one of the men say to the other: "We ought to have her towed away tomorrow and not a day later. The river will be ice-blocked in no time and her hold will give way like a matchbox."

"Right you are," acquiesced the

other. "I'd better run along to the office and get the papers. We might start tomorrow morning at dawn."

"Sure," joined a third man. "It will be a matter of some four or five hours as it is."

"Tomorrow then," said the first man.

All the while little Miss Johnson stood still. The men passed on, further down along the quay and, after a few seconds, Miss Johnson passed along too. Now she knew she'd have to get the crucifix that evening, come what might. She forgot her dread of those burly foul-mouthed men who usually paraded the decks. She only knew that they were going to have the steamer towed away the next dawn and that was that.

It was almost dark and very wet when she ventured out of the house later in the day. The quay was within an easy walking distance and she walked slowly, trying to keep as near as possible to the walls of the houses so as not to make herself too conspicuous. Under her shabby coat, she carried a small lantern with a stump of a candle inside. She knew she'd need some light over the gangway and on the deck. Deep in her pocket lay a tiny hammer and a pair of screws. Faintly she hoped that it wouldn't take her long to un nail the crucifix.

She got to the quay and crossed towards the gangway. And, whilst she was crossing, something queer happened to her. She became aware that there was nothing more to worry about, that what she was going to do was right beyond all disputing and that it being right would in itself protect her. She breathed in utter relief, as she reached the gangway.

At long last she was on deck and, once more hiding her torch under her coat, she stood still and listened. The steamer seemed deserted. Having waited a moment or two, Miss Johnson went towards the deck cabin door. A moment later it was all she could do to check a plaintive cry which rose to her lips. The crucifix hung there no longer. "My fault, all my fault," she murmured. "I ought not to have been such a coward."

She turned back and absentmindedly flashed her lantern across the deck. Suddenly she saw something caught in the coiled rigging. She almost ran to it and a second later held the crucifix in her cold trembling hand. "What a miracle!" she whispered. "Most likely they were go-

ing to throw it into the river and it just caught in the rope."

Reverently she put the crucifix deep into her pocket, picked up her lantern and started tiptoeing towards the gangway. She never reached it, for suddenly, out of the murkiness around her, a voice sounded right into her ear and a heavy hand clutched her shoulder.

"Now then, old woman, what are you up to here?"

Miss Johnson's knees swayed under her. The lantern crashed onto the deck. Her teeth chattered so she could not utter a word. And, meanwhile, the man switched on his own big electric torch and scrutinized her intently.

"What are you up to? Stealing, eh? Thought the steamer was deserted, eh?" He spoke gruffly.

And still little Miss Johnson remained mute. "They must not find it on me," she thought wildly. "They must not, whatever happens."

Now the man was shaking her and none too gently, either. "Been stealing from the deck cabin, haven't you?" he sneered. "Eh? I watched you dart from the door. Well, out with it if you value your life."

"It—it wasn't in the deck cabin any—any longer," stammered Miss Johnson. "Please—let me go. I have not come stealing—I—"

"What was not in the deck cabin any longer?" insisted the man.

Miss Johnson could not keep back her tears for another minute. "I—was not stealing," she sobbed out. "I had to have it. Oh—I meant to have come for it before, but—but I did not dare."

Faltering, sobbing, she let out her story. The man stood, listening surlily.

"A crucifix, eh? Where is it?"

"But—but—" she pleaded.

"Show it to me," he commanded.

She thrust her trembling fingers down into her pocket. "You won't—you won't—" she gulped hard.

For answer the man snatched the crucifix out of her hands, lifted the torch, looked intently for a moment or two and handed the crucifix back to Miss Johnson.

"You as good as risked your life for this," he muttered. "Don't you know that the steamer belongs to the Port and whoever is found on board without a permit is usually shot?"

She made no reply.

"Don't you know it? Didn't you know this?" He peered into her face.

"I was afraid it might be so," she answered.

"Then why—"

Her eyes filled with tears. "I could not—I could not let this crucifix remain on board. I feared someone might trample on it and—and—"

"They probably would if they'd noticed it before," he assented grimly. "And yet you've gone and done it. Well, well—"

And little Miss Johnson stood still. She did not dare to move—nor could she, for his heavy hand was again on her shoulder and its grip was like iron.

"What are you going to do with me?" she asked at last very timidly.

"Do with you?" he echoed. "Oh, I don't know! I don't know! I know what I ought to do with you—have you arrested here on the spot and report you and then, and then—" again he broke off. "I don't know! I don't know! I suppose you're quite mad, and yet—"

"You must do what you ought to do," Miss Johnson said very gently. "I am terribly frightened, you knew—but then you say I ought not to have come here—"

"You certainly ought not."

"And if anyone finds out all about it, it would mean trouble for you?"

"It might," he shrugged.

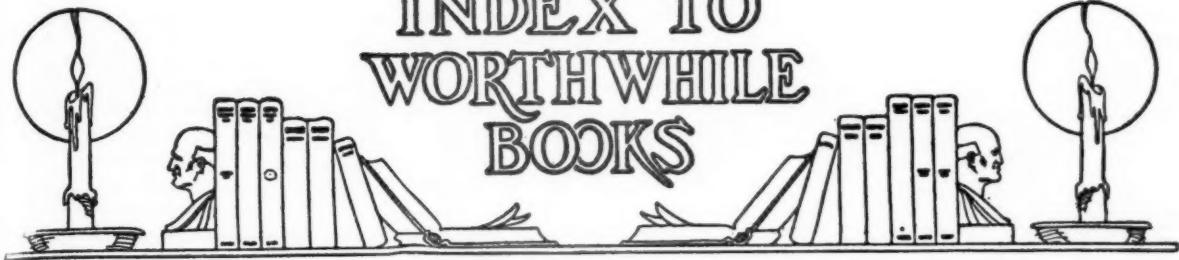
"Well, then," said Miss Johnson, "I have done what I knew was right and you must do what you think is right and that's an end to it."

"Not so fast, Grandmother," he said. "I am not at all sure it will work that way, you know."

And suddenly, he let go his heavy hand off her bent shoulder.

"Risking your very life for the sake of Him on the Cross, were you?" he said huskily. "Grandmother, I could not look into my own mother's eyes again if I arrested you. So go—as fast as you can and forget all about it. No—don't waste time thanking me. Someone else might come along. Go, go. Here, take my torch. I've got another. Steady, steady, over the gangway. Now—goodbye, Grandmother."

And, as Miss Johnson, bewildered and shaky, reached the last plank of the gangway, the man who let her go turned towards the deck cabin door and did a thing he had not done for more years than he cared to count. He crossed himself—slowly and awkwardly.



INDEX TO WORTHWHILE BOOKS

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BACKGROUNDS OF BIOLOGY.
By John Giesen, Sc. D., and Thomas L. Malumphy, A.B. The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. Price: \$2.50.

This splendid volume is made up of seventeen chapters. The first eleven were written by the senior author who is Director of the Department of Biology in St. Thomas' College, St. Paul, Minnesota. Chapters twelve to sixteen were written by the junior author, who is Assistant Professor of Biology in Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. Chapter seventeen is reprinted from Professor Edward J. Menge's "General and Professional Biology."

The work is intended chiefly for students and the general reader. In this day when Biology as a practical science is commanding such a large amount of attention in our public press, anyone making claim to education should be familiar with at least the fundamentals of this science. The authors have steadily kept in view in their work the statement of proven truth and clarity of expression in stating it. Throughout the work they have stressed the very fundamentals of Biology, as it is largely due to lack of understanding of these principles that so much loose talk on Biological subjects is heard. As the preface states:

"We talk, read, and write of the 'evolution of man' without knowing what 'evolution' implies; we use phrases like 'inherited criminal tendencies' without even knowing what 'heredity' is; we fight or support, as the case may be, vaccination and other health measures without understanding their biological basis; we brace our pet theories in education and sociology with biological data, the nature and correctness of which we do not know or understand.

"To give students and readers who are unfamiliar with biology a background for a proper approach to such

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problems, is the chief object of this work."

The work is enriched with many illustrations, which help to an easier and better understanding of the text. We heartily commend it to our college students and the educated laity.

GOD THE REDEEMER. By Charles G. Herzog, S. J. New York, Benziger Bros. Price: \$3.00.

In a recent essay, Mr. George Santayana delivers a telling blow to the current religionism of good-fellowship; "It is as inane," he writes, "to speak without speaking any particular language, as to practise religion without practising any particular religion." This searching analysis strips humanitarianism of its fallacies and exposes it for what it is—a confusion of opinions as unintelligible as a confusion of tongues. The quotation shows another facet that may be construed as an argument decidedly in favor of Catholicism. Catholics are attacked from every quarter and upon every score, save one: never yet has a controversial writer or speaker condemned them for not having a definite belief. The opposite would be nearer the truth. How often have the same writers wielded their pens, and speakers raised their voices to denounce the tagged and ticketed ideas of Catholicism. The creed of our Faith is categorical, however, only because it has been proven to be such. What the Catholic believes is the teaching of Christ handed down through the ages by the Apostles and Fathers, and raised to a science by the eminent theologians of the Church.

A series of books that ranges the gamut of religious truth and gives a sound basis for their faith to the youth in college and the intelligent reader at home is an addition to theological literature. The Jesuit Fathers are nearing the completion of just such a series. A third volume, **GOD, THE REDEEMER**, has recently issued from the press.

The book has for its subject-matter the Incarnation, the Redemption, the honor due to the Blessed Virgin and the Saints, and a concluding study of Grace. Every topic is of the utmost importance controversially. To one who has come into contact with that present day anomaly the Modernist Protestant clergyman who considers the crucifixion of Christ as the collapse of a mediocre agitator, the necessity of iron-clad logic and historic proof brought to the defense of Our Lord's birth, life and death is evident. Scientific criticism of

dogma must be met with scientific rebuttal and it is precisely in this department that Fr. Herzog excels. He is Professor of Theology at Woodstock College. Many years of teaching have given him that economy of words and clearness of expression so necessary in a work of this type. He addresses himself consistently to the popular mind, and for this reason uses the technical terms of theologians only where exactness of thought requires it. Throughout the entire volume an effort is made, and a laudable one indeed, to rid it of the pedantry of a text book.

In one section Fr. Herzog is guilty of what our Anglo-Saxon neighbor would call a lack of fair play. When endeavoring to reconcile grace with free will—the bogey of all theologians—without labeling the solutions of the question as Molinist and Thomist he writes a spirited defense of the former and an anemic explanation of the latter. He furthermore subjects the latter to a severe criticism while he permits the former hypothesis to stand unchallenged. Thomism claims many of the world's ablest metaphysicians as its defenders, whose opinions the hard-pressed student will find little time to study. As a consequence one view of the matter will be taken as final and the other, because of its fervid rebuff will be considered of little worth. An impartial treatment of the moot point would have been more in keeping with the author's otherwise objective exposition and criticism of diverse systems of thought.

The price of the book is simply exorbitant.

AS MAN TO MAN. By Conde B. Pallen. New York. Macmillan Co. Price: \$1.50.

Here is Catholic theology for the man-in-the-street written by a man-in-the-street. The second impression of the late Doctor Pallen's admirable volume of religio-commuting adventures is indeed welcome and every bit as opportune and advantageous as was the appearance of the first edition some two years ago.

These twenty-odd polemical studies are well named *Adventures of a Commuter*, for every one of them contains exquisite bits of imaginative, playful and ardent writing harmoniously coupled with a foursquare presentation of the truths of Catholicism. Not exactly an easy achievement. The author has taken, one by one, the strictly logical and often dry-as-dust syllogistical

arguments of the principal dogmas of our Faith and clothed them with the flesh and blood of his highly original and captivating style. He has made these same formidable Scholastic teachings live, move and have a being.

The book is recommended most heartily to all classes of readers, especially, however, to the average Catholic who is so often scared away from apologetic writings by huge tomes and theological terminology.

JOAN OF ARC. By Hilaire Belloc. Boston. Little, Brown & Co. Price: \$1.75.

Such clear, concise and altogether delightful prose writing as Mr. Belloc gives us in his *Joan of Arc* is exceedingly rare nowadays. It is a straightforward, unashamed narration of the story of the Maid of Orleans. A medieval tinge pervades the whole book, a sort of Malory touch which makes highly entertaining and engrossing reading.

There is a complete lack of apologetic; not a word of controversy; simply the story of St. Joan. It is almost as she herself might have told it, or as some traveling bard of the Ages of Faith would have related it to a merry company seated around the festive board of some radiant banquet hall of the period.

In this book Joan of Arc truly lives and dies, but Mr. Belloc's powerful and unforgettable portrait of her does not die. It remains indelibly impressed on the memory long after the book has been closed. Quite right is the *London Observer* in stating: "Among his shorter books, this is probably the most lovely."

THUS SHALL YOU PRAY. By Elred Laur, O. Cist. St. Louis; B. Herder. Price: \$2.00.

This book presents us with an explanation of the various petitions of the Our Father. As the author explains in his preface it is the substance of a course of Lenten sermons, somewhat revised and added to.

The Our Father is the most beautiful of all prayers. It is Our Lord's own prayer, the prayer He taught His disciples when they asked Him, "Lord, teach us to pray." Father Laur's lengthy reflections on this sublime prayer are extremely well done, pious and elevating. His exhortations are forceful and his comments timely and

true. It is somewhat astounding to learn of the wealth of thought and instruction that can be gleaned from a meditation on or an analysis of one of these seven simple petitions of Jesus. But after all they were the words of God, and hence infinite in meaning and value.

The translation is done by Isabel Garahan and leaves nothing to be desired.

THE HISTORY OF NURSING. By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D. New York; P. J. Kenedy & Sons. Price: \$2.00.

In this his latest book, Dr. Walsh returns to the field of his earlier writings—medical history. It deals with a subject which he is rather more than ordinarily fitted to discuss. The title is perhaps a bit misleading; the book might better and more truly have been called *The History of Christian Nursing*. However, he does mention nursing of the ancient pre-Christian world, in his Introduction.

The opening chapters deal with the nursing profession in the days of primitive Christianity, proper emphasis being laid on the great change made by the rise of Christianity and Christian ethics "in the matter of the care for the ailing." In these initial chapters he also describes the early Roman hospitals with their deaconesses headed by Paula and Marcella.

The great strides made in hospital progress are then traced to the Middle Ages when the peak seems to have been reached in medieval hospitals and nursing orders. Then began a period of gradual decline resulting from the so-called Reformation. All this latter is forcibly recounted in Dr. Walsh's enlightening and provocative fourteenth chapter: "Hospital Decadence and the Degradation of Nursing."

His pages dedicated to the story of St. Catherine of Siena, the patroness of nursing, are admirable, while his well merited tribute to the great work accomplished by the various sisterhoods, especially the two Irish congregations of nursing Sisters, makes inspiring reading. No history of nursing, of course, would be complete without the story of the beloved Florence Nightingale. Here, Dr. Walsh has succeeded quite well. His brief study of this heroic woman shows a fine sympathy and understanding. The closing chapters are given over to a sound and timely discussion of the needs and



WIN \$1000⁰⁰

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NAME THIS

This Offer Open to Every Reader of this Announcement

Have you sent a name? If not, do so at once. It makes no difference who you are or where you live we want you to send us a name for this new and unusual shampoo. Whoever sends the most suitable name will win the one thousand dollars—nothing else to do. Just write or print the name on any kind of paper—neatness don't count.

NOTHING TO BUY — NOTHING TO SELL

You can use a coined word or a word made by combining two or more words, such as "Sungleam," "Youthglow," etc., or any other name you think of. Your name might suggest the handy new container, our latest sanitary tube from which the Shampoo is simply squeezed out, thus eliminating waste and trouble caused by the old-fashioned liquid soap in bottles. There is nothing to buy or sell—simply the person sending the most suitable name will receive \$1,000 cash prize, or if prompt \$1,100 in all.

Any Name May Win

No matter how simple you think your suggestion is you cannot afford to neglect sending it at once. Any name may win.

Win this \$1000 cash prize by a few moments' thought. How can you earn this amount of money easier or more quickly? Remember, there is no obligation! The person submitting the winning name will have nothing else to do to win the \$1000 and the extra \$100, if prompt. In choosing a name bear in mind this shampoo is marvelous for cleansing the hair and scalp. It is designed to bring out the beauty, lustre and natural gloss of the hair. Remember, too, how handy the new sanitary tube is for traveling, no bottle to leak or spill, no cake of soap to lie around and collect germs. The only thing necessary to win is to send the name we choose as the best and most suitable for this shampoo. Only one name will be accepted from each contestant. This unusual offer is only one of a number of offers embraced in our novel distribution plan of ultra toilet goods, whereby those taking part may win any one of a hundred other prizes, the highest of which is \$8,000.00 cash. By participating in our distribution plan the winner of the \$1,100.00 cash prize may win an additional \$8,000.00, making a total of \$9,100.00. Everyone sending a name, regardless of whether it wins or not, will be given the same opportunity to win the \$8,000.00 or one of the other 100 cash prizes. Get busy with your suggestion at once—do not delay!

\$100 EXTRA FOR PROMPTNESS

To get quick action we are going to pay the winner an extra \$100.00 for promptness, or \$1,100.00 in all—so send your suggestion AT ONCE!

CONTEST RULES

This contest is open to everyone except members of this firm, its employees and relatives. Each contestant may send only one name. Sending two or more names will cause all names submitted by that person to be thrown out. Contest closes April 30, 1930. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties. To win the promptness prize of \$100 extra, the winning name suggested must be mailed within three days after our announcement is read.

PARIS AMERICAN PHARMACAL CO.,
943 McCune Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa.
Enclosed with this coupon on separate sheet is my suggestion for a name.

Date this announcement was read.....

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Name.....

Address.....

Note: Being prompt qualifies you for the extra \$100.00 as outlined in this announcement.

problems of modern nursing, together with a searching glance into the future.

Like all of Dr. Walsh's books, *THE HISTORY OF NURSING* is crammed with facts and illuminating statements. He must indeed possess a prodigious mem-

ory. Yet, this volume is far more than a mere recital of uninteresting statistics. As the blurb writer so well puts it, "History becomes vital when Doctor Walsh lends his facile pen to the task."

I Talk to Myself

AN INFORMAL MEDITATION BY THE EDITOR

FROM time to time I have been asked: Is it really worth while to work so hard and to sacrifice so much for the conversion of the Chinese people?

I answer: IT IS.

There is no such thing as nationality with God, neither does He draw any color line.

Why should I?

My Lord Jesus Christ died for the Chinese as well as for me. They have as much right to His Redemption as I myself have.

If I really love Him, I will do what I can for the salvation of *all* souls.

Nor will I count the cost. Nor will I be disappointed if the results of my work are meagre.

Duty and today are mine. Results and the future are with God.

I have a *personal* obligation to extend the Kingdom of Christ. I have *today* to do that duty in.

In doing it I become a co-worker with Christ. Can there be any higher honor for His professed follower?

To fail in this duty is to commit a sin of omission. It is to waste an opportunity for which I am personally responsible.

It is worse than that. It is to forfeit the high privilege of working *for* Christ and *with* Christ.

He puts Himself under an obligation to me. In a very true sense His success depends upon my cooperation with Him.

Not only does He condescend to accept my service. He actually needs it.

Christ really needs the likes of me.

There is a certain something that I can do for Him that no one else can do.

Will I do it? If I don't do it, it won't be done.

Now, who am I? I am a Catholic. I believe in Jesus Christ. In spite of

all my sins, I hope that I have a little love for Him.

I am the reader of this notice. And I know something of what the good Passionist Missionaries are doing for God in China.

I most heartily approve of their work and I do sincerely hope that their labors will be abundantly blessed.

I appreciate the many and great sacrifices they are so generously making to spread Christ's kingdom.

But my mere approving appreciation will mean little, if anything. I can make it mean much by turning it into spiritual and material help.

I can pray for them. They say that they need many prayers.

I can give them some money, if only a trifle, for the upbuilding of their chapels, schools and hospitals.

The Missionaries will be grateful. They will pay me back in the coin that counts—their prayers, sacrifices and Masses.

Long after I am dead and forgotten, even by my very own, their prayers and those of their successors will commend me to God.

O PLANT Christ's Cross in China is the ambition of these Missionaries. Could there be a more worthy one? It must and does appeal to me.

I have done some things *against* Christ. Here is my opportunity of doing something *for* Him.

The something I do may not be much. But it will be something. And, besides, it will prove that I am with Christ and for Him.

Before I forget it, I will copy out the address. Here it is:

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED

[LEGAL TITLE]

Care of THE SIGN

UNION CITY

NEW JERSEY

THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

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ALONG
THE
YANGTSE

Letters From Our Missionaries

HERE was a note of real regret in every one of the many letters from our missionaries in China reporting the rumor of the death of Chow Hsi Chen, Governor of Kweichow. His disappearance for some time seemed to lend strength to the growing report that he had been ambushed, wounded and, in attempting to escape, drowned. A letter from a correspondent in Kweichow, published in a late August number of an English paper in Shanghai, has this tribute. "Already the province is feeling the loss of General Chow Hsi Chen for there is not the firm control over the military that there was while he was in power. If a soldier in this city attempted to oppress the common people, it was enough to say 'we shall complain to the Governor,' and the man gave in."

A dramatic denial of the Governor's death comes now in the assurance that he is alive and fighting, and is victorious.

Chow Hsi Chen, to readers of THE SIGN, may be but another of those Chinese names difficult to pronounce and impossible to remember. It was little more to our missionaries in western Hunan until the Spring of 1927. So vivid are the painful memories of those troubled months that it is a pleasure, and something of duty, to set over against them the equally happy recollections of our relations with this Governor.

The advance of the Southern armies, then under Red control, and what it portended was made to our

Chow Hsi Chen

By THEOPHANE MAGUIRE, C.P.

Fathers in a letter from a neighboring bishop. The storm did not break suddenly. Rather there was the trying suspense that came from anticipation and from the discouraging details of the straits in which other



FATHER AGATHO PURTILL, C.P.

missionaries found themselves. The personnel of our district was reduced. When further orders came for the other missions to be evacuated temporarily, the route to the coast was found to be closed.

An appeal to one of our missions for Mass wine, made by a Father of the Paris Foreign Missions in the province of Kweichow—west of Hunan—first brought to our atten-

tion the possibility of travel through that territory. (Strangely enough this same Father, in the Spring of the present year, had to leave his mission and cross the border into Hunan. Our Fathers were happy to give him, and two native Sisters, hospitality.)

We shall not attempt a description of the feelings with which several groups of our Fathers met to begin the trip through Kweichow. Under the most favorable conditions one does not usually look forward with keen pleasure to days of travel in western Hunan where mountains are mountains and miles are miles. In most cases, though, the missionary has the encouraging knowledge that, however dangerous and troublesome the journey, he is on his way to do good to souls. But this forced march was to take us away from our missions, away from the souls who had been brought into the Faith at the cost of many sacrifices and much labor. Several of the Fathers were sick; ill-prepared for the trail ahead, not a few days but of three long weeks.

Days of steady, drenching rain; nights in miserable, filthy inns; snatches of sunshine when from some high point we could see the ribbon of trail ahead ease down one mountain side to struggle up another. Stony paths, until our unshod mules were bruised and lame; clinging mud, that slowed our weary steps when we walked beside our tired beasts. With it all, sickness, worry, suspense. Since it is not to renew painful



AFTER RECEPTION TENDERED PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES BY GENERAL CHOW HSI CHEN (IN MILITARY UNIFORM). AT HIS RIGHT, POSTAL COMMISSIONER OF KWEICHOW. NEXT, FR. DARRAS, FRENCH MISSIONARY. OTHERS ARE PASSIONISTS AND CHINESE OFFICIALS.

memories but to express our gratitude that these lines are written, let us but sketch the outlines of that journey.

After several days of travel in Hunan we crossed the border and one grey, misty evening rode past the sentries and in through the gateway that gave entrance to the walled city of Tungren. We were in the province of Kweichow. Not until the following day, after it had been carefully examined, was our baggage carried into the city. The customs officials had strict orders. Only by strenuous effort and the utmost vigilance had Governor Chow succeeded in the exceptionally hard task of keeping Communism out of his province. From the time we reached its borders an escort of soldiers was unnecessary. As we advanced towards the capital we appreciated the more what it meant that the energetic young Governor had also wiped out banditry. The ruins of villages, towns and walled cities that had been looted, burned and laid desolate inscribed on the impoverished countryside a characteristic record of the lawlessness that had preceded his rule.

At last one afternoon, with hun-

dreds of unforgettable miles behind us, we topped the mountain that lay between us and the capital of the province, Kweiyang. Awaiting us was a Chinese priest with a group of Chinese seminarians. They will never know how their very presence cheered us. In conversation with them we came upon a long line of grey filing up the mountainside. It was a division of General Chow's army on its way to Hunan to join other of his troops already in a sector occupied by some of our Fathers. We passed them with a fervent prayer that their presence in Hunan would soon make it possible for us to return to the missions. Three weeks later a few of us were able to retrace our way to Hunan.

FURTHER surprise awaited us. We, who on many a mountain path had dreamed of wide level roads, came out upon one of the several motor roads that the progressive Governor was building to radiate from Kweiyang to the neighboring provinces. (Later automobiles were carried, in parts, two weeks journey over the mountains to be assembled at Kweiyang.) With admiration we beheld the unusual sight of soldiers,

combining training with useful labor. A separate and fuller article would be needed to narrate the good accomplished by the Fathers of the Paris Foreign Mission Society during a period of eighty years in this part of China. We had come from a pioneer district where the finer fruits of Catholicity had little time to mature. Hence we were particularly encouraged to see numerous Chinese Sisters, and to be in contact with a fine type of native Chinese priests. A single incident (and one might travel many a broad continent without equaling it) stands out above all others. It is one worth recalling in this day when the blood of priests and laymen flows at times in China and in other mission fields. The pastor of the Cathedral Church introduced us to a group of native Sisters attached to his parish. "You recall," he said, "that we have in our church here the body of a native Christian who is now a beatified Martyr. Well, here (and he motioned forward the Mother Superior of the Sisters) is his daughter."

Shortly after our arrival in Kweiyang we met Governor Chow in the city park. He was frail in appearance but, dressed in military

uniform and with a quiet decisiveness to his actions, he bore the dignity of his office well. He accorded us a gracious reception and expressed sympathy. Truly it seemed very unreal, a little later, when we who had come from Red Hunan sat down, as the guests of this highest official in little-known Kweichow, to tables set in western style and were served with western food. Outside the dining hall a band made recognizable attempts to render American airs. A touch, not peculiarly western, but one to which we had become accustomed in China was the presence of soldiers standing about the room with drawn revolvers. The banquet over, we

strolled about the park with the Governor while he indicated points of interest. "There," he said, directing our attention to the foot-hills of a mountain range not far from the city, "is the Blessed Mother's Church. And there, on the small hills, are the several chapels built by the seminarians. Yes, I have visited the Fathers out there."

GTHROUGH the Governor we kept in touch with events in Hunan. Hearing, not long after our arrival in Kweiyang, that conditions were a little better a few of us were permitted to return directly to the missions. Once again in Hunan, we

learned that Governor Chow had sent word to his officers that they were to help us in every way. By letter to us, in answer to our expression of gratitude, he assured us individually of his interest.

There is a tenet of Taoism in its "Book of Rewards and Punishments": *Chiu jen chih wei* ("Bring relief to men when in danger.") I know not if Chow Hsi Chen was a Taoist. At any rate he practised one of its tenets in affording a temporary refuge to many of our Fathers when danger was very real for them. May he be gratefully remembered for his goodness to us Passionist Missionaries.

Dangerous Days in Yungshun

By NICHOLAS SCHNEIDER, C.P.

GHERE has been quite some excitement in Yungshun of late. And all of it was due to a gentlemen by the name of Ho Lung. This self-styled "General" is the leader of some two thousand troops. Ho Lung and his army are Communists to the core, and as "Red" as any Bolshevik could be. Eight hundred of these soldiers are attending a Soviet training school where they are taught the principles—or rather, the lack of principles—of the Communist régime. They are already well versed in the practice of Communism, for wherever they go they start a reign of terror and brutality. Plundering and burning the cities, destroying the foreign missions, putting to death all those who come under their disfavor,—this is the program of Ho Lung and his "Spirit Soldiers."

You will wonder at the meaning of the words, "Spirit Soldiers." These Communists wear a piece of red cloth on which the name of a certain god is printed. They also carry a few grains of rice and some vegetables with them, that the god may never go hungry. They believe that this god will protect them from all harm and that, if they are shot in battle, the bullets will go right through them without in the least hurting them. Cases to the contrary are simply attributed to the soldier's unfaithfulness in worshipping the pa-



IN MAY THE MOUNTAIN-SIDES ARE COVERED WITH WILD WHITE ROSE. A TYPICAL CHINA IS CALLED THE FLOWERY KINGDOM.

A



FATHERS PAUL AND NICHOLAS WITH MISSION BOYS OUT FOR A DAY'S RECREATION.

gan god whose name he wears. But what has all this to do with us? Well, for some time we labored under the fear that Ho Lung and his men would come to this city. They were quartered in a place called Sangchih and from there to Yungshun is only a comparatively short distance. I think I can best give you an idea of the excitement of those days by setting down the various events just as they occurred.

JULY 16. General Shiang, of the Nationalist Army, has gone out two different times to fight Ho Lung, but was defeated each time. The first defeat occurred a few weeks ago. Shiang sent a vanguard of about four hundred men, who advanced within firing distance of Sangchih. But Shiang did not maneuver his soldiers properly, and owing also to high water, the swiftness of the river, poor boats and frantic officers, about a hundred of his men were drowned. Some, but not very many, were shot. The remainder of them incontinently retreated, leaving Ho Lung still in possession of the city.

The second time was but a few days ago. Shiang himself, together with all his men (about 1,000) made an attack on Ho Lung. The Communist general and his troops fled and Shiang captured the city. But Shiang only fell into the trap that Ho Lung had prepared for him, for no sooner did he get his army inside the city walls than Ho Lung surrounded the town and, with heavy

artillery fire, killed about four hundred of Shiang's men. The rest fled. No one seemed to know what became of Shiang himself. Most of his beaten soldiers returned to Yungshun, but Shiang was not with them. Ho Lung was on the heels of the retreating army.

EARING Shiang's battered army would not be able to withstand the attack, the city officials and the merchants of the city have written a letter to the Commander General of the Hunan troops asking for help. A certain merchant in the town who was holding some of our money begged us to take it out of his hands. He was preparing for the worst. A certain Mr. Chen, a friend of Father Agatho Purtill, the pastor here at Yungshun, came to the mission today purposely to inform him of the great danger. But Father Agatho was absent at that time. While he was on his way back to this mission from Shenchow, he had been able to get only as far as Wangtsun, one of the mission stations—a day's travel from this one. Mr. Chen earnestly recommended that we (Father Paul and I) write a letter to Father Agatho and tell him to remain in the place where he was for a few days. We did this, although we full well knew (and after events proved it) that if there were dangers for us and his mission Father Agatho would be the last to stay away. In fact, the letter had just the opposite

effect. Father Agatho hurried all the faster to Yungshun. Mr. Chen said that there were rumors that Ho Lung had no intentions of plundering and pillaging Yungshun, as he did other places. But we could see no reason why he should make an exception in favor of this town, especially since he had a number of personal enemies here. Moreover, once his men were victorious and had entered the city even Ho Lung would not be able to keep them from taking all they could get their hands on. This evening Mr. Chen was to let us know whether Ho Lung could actually enter the town and if there would be any necessity for us to flee to safer parts. We prepared to hide the sacred vessels and our money, and be in readiness to make a hurried departure, if necessary. Yet we were not afraid, for that morning, the feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, Father Paul had offered Mass in her honor and begged her protection on the mission and missionaries of Yungshun.

JULY 17. Receiving no further news from Mr. Chen, we were somewhat reassured. The messenger, a trusted employee of the mission, whom we sent to Father Agatho with a letter yesterday, returned today. He left here about ten A. M. yesterday, reached Father Agatho at nearly 11 P. M., and at once started back again to this mission. He arrived here about noon and informed us that Father Agatho had decided not

to remain behind, but to start out in the morning and that he would get here as soon as possible. A little distance outside the city he would wait for the messenger to return to him again and let him know whether or not he could safely continue his journey to the mission. Since, at that time, there was no actual danger in coming into town, we sent the messenger back with the information that it was safe for Father Agatho to come to his mission.

The good pastor must have suffered a great deal on that trip. First of all, it was terrifically hot. Then, too, the road is a very difficult one, and a number of high mountains must be crossed and descended. In the extreme hot weather, if it becomes necessary for a missionary to travel by that road, he ordinarily takes two days. Yet Father Agatho arrived about 4 p. m. of the first day, very, very tired. So hard was the journey that the horse, which his "boy" was riding, died on the way of heat and exhaustion. There were no further developments that day.

JULY 18. In the morning, after Mass, Father Agatho visited one of the most influential men of the city, and learned from him that General Shiang had been brutally murdered by Ho Lung's soldiers. Shiang's brother is now in command of what is left of the army. Rumors were that it was very probable that Ho Lung would not come to the city; yet many people were fleeing to the mountains. The Red Army, according to all re-

ports, was still encamped in Sangchih.

In the afternoon Father Paul and I called on the local Protestant minister, the Rev. J. Opanjera of the Finnish Missionary Society. This gentleman confirmed the news of Shiang's death, and also told us that Ho Lung's troops were now at Kwampa, about 30 miles from this city. But he thought that no harm would come to the town or missions because three army divisions were going after Ho Lung, two from the South and one from the East. In view of this it seemed likely that Ho Lung would never reach the city.

In the evening there was the trial of one of Ho Lung's spies who had been caught during the day. This spy, disguised as a beggar, went from house to house asking for food and listening in on the conversations in the hope of obtaining information. At the trial it was easily discovered that he was a spy (and the red cloth of which I spoke was found on him) although even under torture he steadfastly denied it. His face was cut with knives, rings were placed in his ears and then pulled, other barbarities were practiced, but no information could be had from him. Immediately after the trial he was taken outside the city and put to death.

JULY 19. This morning we heard that Ho Lung's army was fast approaching the city, and that he was within 20 miles of it. There is great excitement in the town, and the "brave" army that was to defend the

city is getting ready to leave it. More people are busy hiding their money and possessions. Ho Lung may not reach the city today, but he certainly will tomorrow. There is still hope that the soldiers from the South will arrive in time to keep Ho Lung out. Father Paul (who at that time was not feeling well, but is better now) by our advice is getting ready to leave. He will travel either by boat to Wanktsun (Fr. Cormac's mission) or by carrying-chair to Poatsing (Fr. Raphael's mission.) Father Agatho is having two mules brought across the river and there, saddled and ready, they wait for us. We shall stay at the mission as long as possible. If the worst comes, and we must flee for our lives, we will jump over the city wall, wade across the river (very shallow just now) and so get to the mules and make our escape to the nearest mission. Father Paul will take the sacred vessels and vestments with him. Other valuables we shall hide.

Later in the day we made the disconcerting discovery that all the boats had already left town, and that all the carriers that could be had were already hired by other people. There is no way for Father Paul to leave the town but by walking. This he intends to do, unless there is a turn for the better coming.

JULY 20. Great rejoicings in Yungshun! A division of the army from the South has arrived—just in the nick of time. Ho Lung has made a hurried departure for his old strong-



A GOOD SWIM CONTRIBUTES TO THE PLEASURE OF A DAY AT YUNGSHUN.



FATHER DUNSTAN'S CHAPEL AT LIU LIN CHA.

hold, Sangchih. He is traveling fast, but in the opposite direction from this city. Thank God, everything has turned out so well. Should Ho Lung actually have gained this city, it is quite certain that, as with the Temple of old, not a stone would be left upon a stone of the Yungshun mission. Father Agatho's years of labor and suffering for this mission would all be brought to naught in a few hours. And what might have become of us, if Ho Lung had arrived before we were able to get away?

IT IS nearly a month ago since the above events occurred. Today a paper from Hankow arrived, and in it I find the answer to the above ques-

tion: "What might have become of us? It relates the sad, yet inspiring story of the death of Father Leonard of the Columban or, as they are sometimes called, Irish Fathers. This good priest was saying Mass on July 15, when members of a Communist Army entered the church, arrested the priest, tore the sacred vestments off him, bound him with ropes and led him to a pagan temple. When the bandits first arrived Father Leonard opened the tabernacle with the intention of consuming the Sacred Species, but the bandits knocked the ciborium out of the priest's hands and deliberately trampled upon the Blessed Sacrament. On July 17, the bandits beheaded him. The following day "the

body of Father Leonard together with the corpses of six other captives were found. The dead priest was covered with wounds and the head had been practically severed from the trunk. . . . Father Leonard made no attempt to escape although from information since arrived, escape might have been possible. When the holy priest saw the Blessed Sacrament desecrated he seems to have wished to give his life as the best reparation he could make to his Master."

OUR RETURN to Yungshun. Thank God, that all is quiet and peaceful again. True, there are still many soldiers in the city, but they are well behaved troops and their officers are excellent men. They are not prejudiced against the foreigners. One of the regimental commanders, General Chen Tou-nan, is a very good friend of the Fathers. His first act, in arriving in this city, was to call at the mission. With such excellent men protecting the city and the mission, for it is reported that they are to remain here, there will come a good opportunity of making great progress in our work, provided, of course, our good friends in the States continue their prayers and sacrifices which they have so generously and fervently bestowed. We are deeply grateful for all that they have done for us. Daily we remember our kind benefactors in our prayers and we beg God to shower His graces upon them. There will be eternal rejoicing in Heaven when they shall meet the souls who, through their help, have been won for Christ Crucified.

Chinese Courts of Hell

By ANTHONY MALONEY, C.P.

OUNDERSTAND some of the obstacles to be surmounted by our missionaries in China, it might not be out of place to give some ideas of the Chinese about Hell. A Chinaman believes in heaven and hell, although his notion of both places are radically different from those of a Christian. In general the Chinese believe that heaven is a place of happiness given to the soul as a reward for having led a virtuous life. Their idea of Hell is complicated but represents

a place of punishment for misdeeds committed by souls while on earth. Hell, according to the Chinese, consists of ten courts corresponding with ten different species of crime. In the following outline I shall give some of the high lights concerning each of these ten courts.

FIRST COURT.

CHE FIRST of the ten courts is presided over by Ch'in-Kuang-

Wang. He is charged with measuring the length of men's lives and with the custody of the book of life and death. His ward is situated under the Great Sea at the foot of a mountain towards the West and the road leading thereto is very dark.

When a good man dies, if the number of his faults does not exceed the number of his merits, he comes before this tribunal, led by a good devil. His account having been examined, he is immediately sent forward to the tenth district and changed



FATHER DUNSTAN RESTING AT HEADQUARTERS IN SHENCHOW.

once more into a human being. In this change the soul becomes a man or a woman according to the merits of his previous existence.

If, however, his evil actions exceeded his good ones, as soon as he is led into the first court he is placed before the "Mirror," which hangs over a platform eleven feet high; the "Mirror" measures six to seven feet in circumference and faces East. Over the "Mirror" is this inscription: "No good man comes before the bad man's Mirror."

The man dragged before the "Mirror" by the devils, will see in it the malice of all his guilt. He will understand that even if he had ten thousand ounces of gold, nothing can be carried away at his death and that only the evil committed during life will follow it into the next world. When he has passed before the "Mirror," the culprit is sent to the second court where his punishment begins.

If any man, forgetting how much it cost heaven, earth and parents to beget him, ventures to kill himself before having finished repaying these four benefactors and without waiting for the mandate of Yen-wang, and without a justifying reason, he will be sent immediately after death by the Genii guarding the door, to the first tribunal. Among

sufficient reasons for committing suicide are the following: for the sake of filial piety, chastity, justice or war, fidelity to the prince, etc.

HAVING killed himself, the man is examined by the judge, and is sent back to the place where the suicide was committed. There he will suffer without end the pangs of hunger and thirst and shall never be able to receive the offerings and sacrifices of men. He is moreover ordered to keep invisible his form of *Kuei*, not to frighten men, nor to kill anyone in order to obtain possession of the body.

It is only when the man whom he has harmed by his suicide shall have forgotten about it that he will be permitted to again appear before the first tribunal. When he eventually returns to this tribunal he is transmitted to the second tribunal and so on to the other tribunals. After he has endured all the tortures in each section and finally arrives at the ninth tribunal. He is imprisoned in the "City of Suicides" and excluded from metempsychosis.

If, during the time of his expiation on earth as a *Kuei*, he frightens living men by showing himself, the devils with a black and red face are immediately sent to bring him back to Hell. Once there, he is tied up and suspended head downwards, being condemned forever and excluded from the metempsychosis. Even when one merely entertains the idea

of suicide, or speaks of it to people to frighten them, though later one does not commit the deed itself, the soul is guilty of the sin and must pay the penalty.

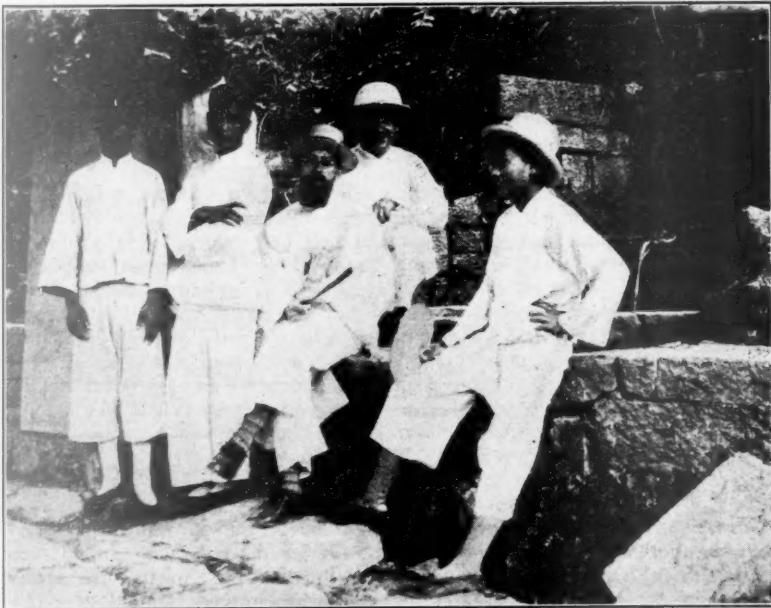
Any bonze who, having received money from people to recite prayers for them, omits letters or makes mistakes in the responses, will be sent to the Puchingshuo when he arrives at this first tribunal. In the Puchingshuo the bonze must supply the letters and sentences omitted during life one hundred-fold. The Puchingshuo is a dark dungeon, lighted by only a small lamp, the wick of which is extremely thin. It flares up and goes out at intervals, so that the guilty bonze cannot make up his omissions at one stretch. Any bonze who, though praying well, obtains money from the people by fraud, will not escape the punishment.

As for the laity who, full of veneration for the Spirits, are always muttering prayers, should they omit any letters or make mistakes in the responses, they will not be guilty. The heart's sentiments are the essential, the text of the prayers merely accessory.

On the first day of each moon, the Spirits write down the prayers of their devotees under their names and addresses. These are carefully preserved in the book of good works. Moreover, those, who every year, on the first of the second moon have kept abstinence and turned towards the North and made up their minds to avoid evil; who were always read-



FATHER DUNSTAN AND MISSION BOYS ON A HIKE.



FATHERS PAUL AND NICHOLAS WITH MISSION HELPERS AT A WAYSIDE SPRING.

ing good books, copying and binding all virtuous tracts they found and distributing these to obtain the conversion of their neighbor—all these, when death occurs, receive from the Spirits a Boy Spirit all dressed in black, who leads them to some delightful place in the Kingdom of Fo.

SECOND COURT.

GHE SECOND COURT OF HELL, governed by Ch'u Chiang-Wang, is situated below the Great Sea, at the foot of the Wochiah-shih, towards the South. This section is about five or six hundred *chang* (a *chang* is ten feet in Chinese) in length and width, and contains sixteen smaller dungeons: 1—The dungeon of dark and dust; 2—The dungeon of liquid dung; 3—The dungeon of the five pronged forks; 4—The dungeon of hunger; 5—The dungeon of thirst; 6—The dungeon of purulent discharges and blood; 7-8—The dungeons of boiling caldrons and coppers; 9—The dungeon of iron armor; 10—The dungeon of the great scales; 11—The dungeon where men are pecked by cocks; 12—The dungeon of ashes; 13—The dungeon of the chopping knife; 14—The dungeon of swords; 15—The dungeon of wild beasts; 16—The dungeon of ice.

Those who on earth have kidnapped small boys or girls and shaved off their hair to make them little

bonzes; those who, without reason, have cut off their own hair; those who receive a deposit and when it is asked for, say they have lost it, so that they may keep the goods of others; those who tear out the eyes, cut the ears or the leg or the arm of others; those who, knowing nothing about medicine books and the pulse, presume to treat people, and who, without caring if they are able to cure or not, receive money from their patients; those who, while owning grown-up slaves, do not allow them to be redeemed; the matchmakers who, desirous of money, hide from both parties the diseases, the age or the bad reputation of engaged persons thus making husband and wife unhappy for life; all these evildoers, when they shall appear before the second tribunal, will be examined for all the sins of this kind committed during life; then it will be decided in which dungeon they are to be tortured. When their expiation is sufficient, they will be sent on to the third section to undergo new punishments.

Those who will convert others; or will copy and distribute pious treatises, or give remedies to sick people unable to get any, or give bread to beggars, or make distributions of money or clothes, thus relieving their neighbor—all these, if they repent of their sins, will not be punished if their offenses are equalled by

their good works. Those who are good to all living things, who do not kill, and who exhort children not to kill animals, will be called at the time of their death by a small *kuei* and transferred immediately from the first to the tenth tribunal, to become humans again.

THIRD COURT.

GHE THIRD COURT, governed by Sung Ti-Wang, is situated under the Great Sea, at the foot of Wochiaohshih, towards the Southeast. This section measures also from five to six hundred *chang*, and contains also sixteen dungeons: 1—The dungeon of salt and soda; 2—The dungeon of ropes, wooden collars and chains; 3—The dungeon where ribs are pierced through; 4—The dungeon where the face is scraped with copper and iron instruments; 5—The dungeon where the fat is scraped off the body; 6—The dungeon where the heart and the liver are torn out; 7—The dungeon of bloody scourging; 8—The dungeon where flaying takes place; 9—The dungeon where feet are cut off; 10—The dungeon where fingers and toes are cut off; 11—The dungeon of the blood-drinking; 12—The dungeon where people are suspended head downwards; 13—The dungeon where the body is sawn in halves; 14—The dungeon of vermin; 15—The dungeon where the knees are crushed; 16—The dungeon where the heart is pierced.

The mandarins who during their life are ungrateful to the emperor, who do not faithfully protect the Empire, who sell justice, oppress the people and live on their salary without doing anything for the emperor; the common men who are ungrateful for the benefits received; the women who insult their husbands; those who, after having given their son to be adopted by some man, are so lacking in conscience that when this son has inherited money or property, bid him return to his own family; the servants who offend against their master; the soldiers who offend the mandarin; the clerks and cashiers who cheat their employer; the prisoners who escape from prison; the exiles who run away; those who, having been arrested and having obtained permission to return home because someone became bail for them, profit by it and flee, thus bringing ruin on their bailor; those who do harm to their parents and



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friends and do not repent—all such, when they come before the third tribunal, will not escape punishment.

Moreover, those who with vain ideas of *feng-shui*, have been the cause of people not making funerals in due time; those who, digging in a cemetery, come across a coffin and do not bury it elsewhere, thus outraging the ashes of a man; those who, unknown to their parents, sell their cemetery, level it and plough it over; those who induce their neighbors to break the laws and stir up law suits; those who distribute anonymous pamphlets; those who write divorce deeds; those who forge deeds, letters, bank-notes, silver, seals or accounts; those who, receiving the amount of a debt, do not give a receipt and claim it again from the debtor's descendants—all these sin alike. When it will be known after examination how many offenses were committed and of what importance, the guilty will be assigned to their respective dungeons. When the time of expiation is over, he will go to the fourth tribunal to be tortured there.

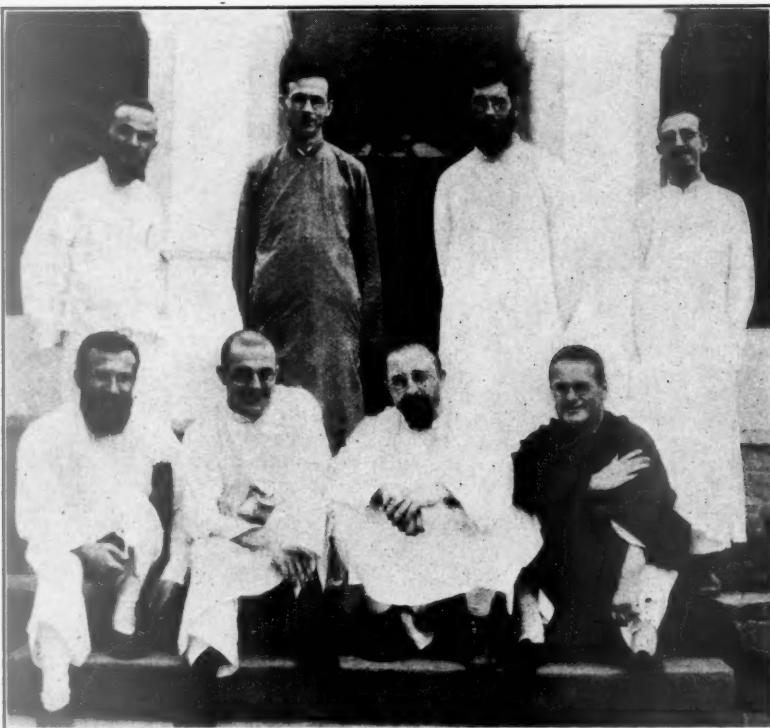
Those who, on the eighth of the second moon, make up their mind to avoid during their life, all the sins above mentioned, will escape the torments of the third tribunal.

FOURTH COURT.

THE FOURTH COURT, presided over by Wu-Kuan-Wang, is situated under the Great Sea, at the foot of Wochiaohshih, towards the East. It contains also sixteen dungeons: 1—The dungeon where the deceased is hurled headlong into a roaring stream; 2—The dungeon where he must kneel on bamboo splinters; 3—The dungeon where his hands are burnt; 4—The dungeon where he is whipped till the blood comes; 5—The dungeon where the tendons are cut and the flesh scraped off the bones; 6—The dungeon where the arms are cut off; 7—The dungeon where the flesh is pierced with gimlets; 8—The dungeon where one sits down on sharp stones; 9—The dungeon where one wears iron clothes; 10—The dungeon where one is crushed under rafters, stones and earth; 11—The dungeon where the eyes are pierced; 12—The dungeon where the mouth is filled with lime; 13—The dungeon where one is forced to swallow hot drugs; 14—The dungeon where one must walk stumblingly in a road strewed with oil beans; 15—The dungeon where the lips are notched; 16—The dungeon where the condemned are

buried under heaps of pebbles.

Those who after a sale did not pay the dues or did not pay their taxes and rents for their farms; those who used two weights; those who added chaff or water to their grain; those who coined false cash; those who did not put sufficient cash on the cash strings; those who sold starched cloth as new; those who tried to make profits at the expense of the simple people and of small peddlers; those who received a commission and did not execute it faithfully; those who received a letter to be delivered and, omitting to do so, causing an injury; those who opened a letter and used it for bad ends; those who stole bricks from a pagoda or the bricks left in the street or at one's door; those who robbed the oil from the pagoda lamp; the poor who behaved badly, the rich who gave no alms; those who promised to lend, but repudiated their word and thus inflicted harm on others; those who have at home the remedies necessary for a sick person and do not tell the sick; those who purposely throw out in the street the dregs from any infusion, pieces of the brick or tile, sweepings and dirt; those who encroach upon the grounds of others or damage their buildings; those who



GERMAN MISSIONARIES AT SHENCHOW, ENROUTE TO KWEICHOW.

injure the *kuei shen* or spread abroad nasty rumors to frighten people—all these sinners are of the one type. An inquiry is to be made to see how many sins were committed by the culprit, the harm done to others, and then he is condemned to the torments he deserves; after this he appears before the Fifth Tribunal to be judged there also.

Those who on the eighteenth of the second moon purpose firmly to avoid the sins above mentioned may escape the torments of the fourth tribunal. Those who exhort people to do good so that the right doctrine may be transmitted to the following generations; those who cause any one to repent and amend his ways and do good works; all these will not suffer any torments in Hell after death.

Whosoever seeing his neighbor in need and being able to help him does not do so; whosoever forgets kind offices and shows himself ungrateful; whosoever bears a grudge; not only will such a one not escape the torments of Hell, but further he will be changed into an evil sprite or will be embodied in a wolf, a serpent, a tiger, a leopard or a fox, for about one hundred years. If he amends his ways he may become a man again; if he does not, and moreover if he

frightens people, such a man, when the measure of his crimes shall be filled up, will be struck by lightning and will wander eternally, without any possibility of assuming human form again.

The soldiers who on the battlefield or in apprehending thieves, sacrifice their lives and go forward bravely for their country's welfare; who do not wrong people; who die on the field of honor—such men when coming to the inferior regions will not be punished for the sins they have committed before death. When their identity has been established, before the First Tribunal, they will be immediately sent before the Tenth Tribunal to become men again in a happy condition. On the contrary, those who were quarrelsome and committed manslaughter, when their account shall be made up after their death, will have one more degree of guilt added for each sin of this kind committed by them, and they will endure the torments of Hell.

FIFTH COURT.

THE FIFTH COURT is presided over by Yen Lao-Wang. In former times he was in charge of the First Tribunal, but being too kind towards those who had been un-

justly killed and allowing them, of his own authority, to return into the world, he was condemned to lose four grades and was placed at the head of the fifth section, situated under the Great Sea, at the foot of Wochiaohshih, towards the North East, and called the Hell of Lamentations.

This hell contains sixteen dungeons; in the first, the heart is torn out of those who did not believe in the Spirits, in Nirvana, or in the after-death retributions. The second is for those who killed living beings. The third is for those who made a promise of amendment and did not amend. The fourth is for those who tried to get immortality by magic arts. The fifth is for the brutish and cowardly fellows who wished the death of others. The sixth is for those who used deceit to injure their neighbor. The seventh is for the men who outraged women, and for the women who ensnared men. The eighth is for those who did business at the expense of others. The ninth is for those who did not save their neighbor from death. The tenth is



FIRST COMMUNICANTS AT WUKI.

for those who coveted the riches of others. The eleventh is for ungrateful men and for those who are burning with revenge. The twelfth is for those who spread discord. The thirteenth is for those who fooled people. The fourteenth is for those who liked quarrelling and made others unhappy. The fifteenth is for those who envied the talent of others and carped at their zeal for good. The sixteenth is for those who cursed others in their heart.

WHEN the souls arrive before the fifth tribunal, the corpse they left behind on earth is certainly rotted away completely, and therefore they cannot come to life again. Nevertheless all have something to claim. This one says, "I made a vow which I did not fulfill." Another brings forth other reasons. All ask to live again. There is not one who did not make some vow or other of doing some good work. Yen-Wang hearing them thus complaining says to them: "Well, well! I know all that you did while on earth. Since I was set over this tribunal, a great many years ago, I never saw a good man coming here. Are you not a lot of bad fellows, who passed before the Mirror of Nieh-Chingt'ai? Having done nothing good in the world above, what claim have you in this world? Be silent! And you devils with a bull and horse head, lead them quickly to the terrace, *Wang-Siangtai*, and let them see their family."

This terrace, *Wang-Siangtai* is curved in the front like a bow, facing to East, West, and South, measuring 27 miles in perimeter, and 500 feet in height. From behind, it is straight like a bow's string and faces North; it bristles with swords and sabres. Sixty-three steps lead up to it. The good men do not go in that place, neither those who did not commit more wrong than good. This terrace is built for bad men only, to let them see their former family. When they look down from this platform, they can see all the members of their family; they know what takes place in their houses. They see therein old and young doing nothing but execrating and cursing the departed, transgressing his will, selling the goods and landed properties he acquired, in everything counteracting his plans; he sees his descendants quarrelling and having law-suits about the legacy,

his parents and friends complaining about him, his own children cursing him, and he knows that, though they bend down over his coffin crying, this is but a sham to deceive people.

Those who do not believe in the retributions of the other world, who lead people astray; who swear, who reveal the faults of others; who misuse written paper; who burn pious books; who curse against the bonzes; who envy good men; who, while knowing letters, refuse to explain good books to others; who level a cemetery; who light the brushwood on the mountains, thus causing the death of many living creatures; those who kill birds with arrows; who impose upon old men, or upon weak workmen a work above

their strength so that after some exertion they become invalids for life; those who hurt others by throwing bricks and tiles over a wall; those who make nets to catch fish, cages to shut in birds; those who spread arsenic in the fields; those who, finding the corpse of a cat or dog, do not bury it; those who abuse their power in order to steal the goods of others; those who dig holes at the roadside—all these men are punished in the Fifth Tribunal by the tearing out of the heart. If on the eighth of the first moon, one resolves firmly to avoid these sins, one may escape these torments.

(To be continued)



MUTUAL ADMIRATION. FR. WILLIAM AND A WUKI OCTOGENARIAN.

Gemma's League

GEMMA'S LEAGUE is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of united prayer.

THE OBJECT: To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

THE METHOD: No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

MEMBERSHIP: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular as well as many members of various Religious Orders. The "Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page shows interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer.

OBLIGATIONS: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly *spiritual* society. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are generous in their regular money contributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet might be reasonably expected.

THE REWARDS: One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love. However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle for their spiritual works of mercy.

THE PATRON: Gemma Calgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Her "cause" has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

HEADQUARTERS: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care THE SIGN, Union City, N. J.

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Ecc. 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

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SISTER MARY BERTRAND MILLER
SISTER M. DeCHANTEL McENTEE
SISTER M. MERCEDES FORD
SISTER MARY WILLIAM BRIDGET SULLIVAN
HUGH GALLAGHER D. SULLIVAN
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MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen.

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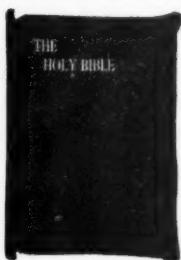
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THOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship.

Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tonight may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

Legal Form for Drawing up Your Will

I hereby give and bequeath to PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, a Society existing under the laws of the State of NEW JERSEY, the sum of

..... (\$.....) for the purpose of the Society, as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, taking his receipt therefor within months after my demise.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this

..... day of

..... 19

Signed

Witness

Witness

Witness

Painless Giving

A GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value: it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want — the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish.

ADDRESS:

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC.,
THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

— o - o —

JUST DROP US A LINE ASKING FOR A BOX OR A BANK. IT WILL BE SENT YOU BY RETURN MAIL!

— o - o —

Please write or print Name and Address very plain

OUR representative has called at the Brunswick Laundry, 220 Tonnelle Avenue, Jersey City, N. J., and made a thorough inspection of the Largest Laundry in America. He was astonished to find cleanliness and sanitation brought to perfection; he has found over 850 Employees, cheerful, healthy and satisfied with their jobs, their pay and their employers. Patrons are always invited to visit this large plant and see for themselves the process of washing and ironing. The Brunswick Laundry's policy has always been fair play to all employees and customers. We gladly recommend this firm to our readers.

For Christ's Cause: Three Suggestions

1

READERS of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comforts they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

2

NOT ONLY do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300. per year is required for the support of an aspirant. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000., the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

3

IT HAS been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this request be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever remembrance you care to make.

**MISSION
NEEDS**

**STUDENT
BURSES**

**YOUR
LAST
WILL**

**Your Cooperation Solicited! Address:
Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J.**

Passionist Chinese Mission Society

MEMBERS OF THIS SOCIETY ARE ENROLLED AS PERPETUAL
BENEFACtors OF THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES IN
CHINA, AND PARTICIPATE IN THE FOLLOWING BENEFITS:

While Living: One Holy Mass every day of the year; a High Mass
in every Passionist Monastery throughout the
world on these Feasts of the Church:

Jan. 1, The Circumcision	Aug. 25, St. Bartholomew
Jan. —, Holy Name of Jesus	Sept. 8, Nativity of Mary
Feb. 2, Purification of Mary	Sept. 22, St. Matthew
Feb. 24, St. Matthias	Oct. 28, Sts. Simon and Jude
May 1, Sts. Philip and James	Nov. 30, St. Andrew
May 3, Finding of the Holy Cross	Dec. 21, St. Thomas
July 25, St. James	Dec. 26, St. Stephen
	Dec. 27, St. John, Evangelist

After Death One Holy Mass on every day of the year; in every
Passionist Monastery in the world, Holy Mass and
the Divine Office for the Dead on the first day of every month, and High
Mass of Requiem with Funeral Rites and Divine Office for the Dead
within the Octave of All Souls Day.

Furthermore: Both the Living and the Dead Benefactors share in the
Special Prayers recited every day by all Passionist
Communities. In particular, they share in all the Masses, Prayers and
Good Works of the Passionist Missionaries in China.

PERPETUAL MEMBERSHIP in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society is
given in consideration of a LIFE SUBSCRIPTION to THE SIGN,
the Official Organ of the Passionist Missions in China. Both the Living
and the Dead may be enrolled as Perpetual Benefactors. The price of a
Life Subscription is \$50.00. *It may be paid on the installment plan in
amounts to suit your own convenience.*

*LONG AFTER you are
forgotten even by your
own, membership in the
Passionist Chinese Mission
Society will entitle you to
the spiritual helps you may
need. * * * * As for your
deceased friends and relatives,
what better gift than enroll-
ment in this Society?*

PLEASE WRITE TO:

The Passionist Missionaries

Care of THE SIGN

Union City

New Jersey

